

# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXVII—NUMBER 51

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1932.

Four Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

## BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. Clifton Gray is visiting at Dr. J. B. Bisbee's.

Jack Gill has purchased a new Chevrolet car.

Rosalie Morrill is able to be out doors once more.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Edwards are in Portland this week.

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Edwards were in Portland Saturday.

Charles Haselton of Bangor spent the week end at his home here.

Ernest Bisbee has been quite ill for some time, but is now improving.

The "Happy Six" met with Miss Beatrice Brown Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Alice Ballard, who spent the past week at Fryeburg, has returned.

Florine Bean has gone to Lewiston to visit her sister, Mrs. Harvey Jones.

Miss Louise Barbour of Bangor was a week end guest of friends in town.

Mrs. H. H. Hastings and son Henry are visiting relatives in Portland this week.

Mrs. John Gill was the guest of Mrs. Charles Merrill and family Wednesday.

Mary Sanborn is this week's guest of her sister, Mrs. Grant Maxon of Portland.

June Sloane of Lewiston is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Gerde Hapgood, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lord of West Paris were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Savin.

Mrs. Ula Parsons was the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Harry Lyon and family one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Nason and two children of Berlin were recent guests of her sister, Mrs. L. P. Andrews.

Roma Warren and Betty Edwards are spending this week in Portland, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pratt.

Miss Marguerite Flint of Bangor is spending her Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perley Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Brown, Mrs. Lennie Howe and Mrs. Winifred S. Howe were in Norway Wednesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Sloane and daughter June of Lewiston were Sunday callers at his father's, Mrs. G. B. Hapgood's.

Violet Upton of Providence, R. I., and Dorothy Parsons were overnight guests of Mrs. Ula Parsons and family Tuesday.

F. E. Dean has been confined to his home with a hard cold and unable to attend to his work at the bank for over a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Birchard Russell of Rumford and Porter Carver of East Bethel were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamlin.

Mrs. F. B. Lovejoy, who spent the winter with Mrs. Scott Robertson, has returned to her home, Mrs. Myra Cole is staying with her.

The Rebekahs will hold a public supper Friday night, April 1, at 6:15 in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Tickets may be secured from Beatrice Brown.

Mrs. Sarah A. Gunther returned home Thursday afternoon from several weeks visit with her sister Mrs. Mary J. Capen of Middle Intervale.

Dr. William R. Chapman left for New York yesterday morning, where he will conduct his final concert of the season on Tuesday evening, April 5th, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, with his grand orchestra, Chorus, and soloists.

The Junior and Intermediate grades of the Congregational Church Sunday School, assisted by the girls' choir, presented a pageant entitled, "The Resurrection," last Sunday evening, under the direction of Mrs. Alphonse Van Den Kerkhofen.

Mrs. Norman Sanborn entertained at bridge Thursday afternoon. There were two tables at play. Highest score was won by Mrs. Erna Young, second by Mrs. Minnie Bennett. Decorations and appointments were in keeping with Easter. Those present were Mrs. Perley Flint, Mrs. Ralph Young, Mrs. Tena Thurston, Mrs. Lucian Littlehale, Mrs. Edward Bennett, Mrs. Philip Chapman, Mrs. John Gaudet and the hostess.

Mrs. Edward Bennett entertained a group of friends at an Easter bridge Tuesday evening. Three tables were at play. First prize went to Mrs. Norman Sanborn, and second to Miss Helen Becker. Others playing were Mrs. John Gaudet, Mrs. Wade Thurston, Mrs. Steven Lord, Mrs. Robert Lord, Mrs. Lucian Littlehale, Mrs. Elmer Bennett, Miss Faye Sanborn, Miss Mary Thurston, Miss Thelma Bennett, and the hostess. After the play refreshments were served from the small tables. All appointments were in keeping with Easter.

## MARBLE-FULLER

The wedding of Miss Maxine Fuller of North Woodstock and Charles Marble, Jr., of Mexico, occurred at the Baptist parsonage at Bryant Pond on Easter Sunday, March 27, Rev. C. D. McKenzie officiating. The double ring service was used.

The bride wore a blue silk dress and carried pink and white carnations. The groom wore a dark blue suit.

After the ceremony the couple returned to the bride's home, where a buffet lunch of sandwiches, cake, punch and ice cream was served.

Mrs. Marble is the daughter of Mrs. Eva Fuller of North Woodstock. She attended Woodstock High School and for the past year has been employed at the Parady Restaurant at Gorham, N. H.

Mr. Marble is the son of Charles Marble of Mexico and is employed in bridge construction work.

The couple were given a reception by the bride's mother. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Grover of Peru, Miss Yvonne Davis, Mrs. Geo. Forbes and Miss Rachel Forbes, and the bride's immediate family.

MRS. ELIZA J. SANBORN

The death of Mrs. Eliza Jane Sanborn occurred in Milton, Mass., Saturday morning, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Sanborn's family name was Farrington. She married Calvin Sanborn of this town who passed away several years ago, and lived at the homestead at Middle Intervale now occupied by her son and family. Her last years have been passed at the home of her daughter in Milton, Mass.

She was a member of the Methodist Church and was formerly an active worker in the Ladies' Aid society.

Mrs. Sanborn is survived by her daughter Elmer, wife of Harry Brooks of Milton, Mass., her son, Robert Sanborn, of Bethel, by several grandchildren and other relatives.

Funeral services were held at S. S. Greenleaf's undertaking parlors Tuesday afternoon at 2:00, with Rev. H. C. Dalzell officiating.

Edward P. Lyon and family were in Portland Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tibbels.

Mrs. Mary Mills of Albany was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. H. Smith, a few days this week.

Elizabeth Morse from Gorham, N. H., was the week end guest of Miss Ida Packard.

John Twaddle and Herbert Rowe were home from Detroit for the week end.

Kathleen Wight spent last week in Lacombe, N. H., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Loomis.

Miss Beatrice Brown spent several days in Milan, N. H., last week, the guest of Mrs. N. H. Taylor.

Mrs. H. I. Bean and daughter Lurline returned Tuesday from a visit in Lewiston with Mrs. Egan's daughter, Mrs. Harvey Jones.

Sally E. Chapman went to Berlin Wednesday morning where she will be the guest of Alice Stallard, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Stallard, for the remainder of the vacation.

Mrs. P. C. Lapham has spent the past week in Rumford to be within call of the hospital where her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Brown, remains very ill.

The Maine Horse Breeders' Association, of which Henry Bayler of Bethel was elected vice-president, will meet at the Proctor House, Naples, today.

The Bethel Farm Bureau women held an all day meeting Friday. The committee, consisting of Mrs. Carrie French, Mrs. Fannie Lovejoy, and Mrs. Myrtle Lapham, served the dinner under the direction of Mrs. Alphonse Van Den Kerkhofen.

Mrs. Norman Sanborn entertained at bridge Thursday afternoon. There were two tables at play. Highest score was won by Mrs. Erna Young, second by Mrs. Minnie Bennett. Decorations and appointments were in keeping with Easter. Those present were Mrs. Perley Flint, Mrs. Ralph Young, Mrs. Tena Thurston, Mrs. Lucian Littlehale, Mrs. Edward Bennett, Mrs. Philip Chapman, Mrs. John Gaudet and the hostess.

Mrs. Edward Bennett entertained a group of friends at an Easter bridge Tuesday evening. Three tables were at play. First prize went to Mrs. Norman Sanborn, and second to Miss Helen Becker. Others playing were Mrs. John Gaudet, Mrs. Wade Thurston, Mrs. Steven Lord, Mrs. Robert Lord, Mrs. Lucian Littlehale, Mrs. Elmer Bennett, Miss Faye Sanborn, Miss Mary Thurston, Miss Thelma Bennett, and the hostess. After the play refreshments were served from the small tables. All appointments were in keeping with Easter.

## THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

In your fine obituary of the late Mr. Joseph S. Rich mention is made of his "whimsical dislike, the historical novel, that lure to the easy-going pilgrim on the pathway to knowledge." I venture to file protest to that last line.

If memory serves, the late John Fliske read some hundred (plus) pages in his Beginnings of New England before he reached New England at all. Much of that space was taken up by discussion of the old Saxon folk-mote, whereby to explain in full its direct progeny the N. E. Town Meeting. Few boys would take the trouble to read that—while boys. But those same indifferent boys would fairly revel in Whistler's "A Thane of Wessex," in which not only would they see the actual working of the said folk-mote on English soil, but also the type and character of the boys and men of that time—and they would remember both when their own voting days began.

Yet the "Thane" is a historical novel. Thousands of us have understood far better than otherwise the life of the people in the times of Jesus just through reading Wallace's Ben Hur. I led us to read our Bibles, too!—not just hunt up texts for Sunday School memorizing.

"The Green Mountain Boys," and its sequel, "The Rangers,"—what school history so adequately pictures for us the times and the days and the people who made the history in them with Ethan Allen, John Stark and their mates were to be reckoned with by England's rulers? Don't we understand our scheduled history the better for thus knowing the better the people who first created it, perhaps by the sacrifice of their lives?

To cross the water—can you think of any school history that would give you a realization of the times in England and the Low Countries when the Black Prince was extant as adequately as either Doyle's The White Company or Lawrence's Brakespeare? It is one thing to read as pre-digested food written-history "as is," but you don't enjoy it, as a rule, nor perhaps really assimilate it, as when you are allowed to do your own digesting by living, protein, right alongside of the actors of those times. Then, knowing them, you can reason why history then was as it was, and not some other way. That is of infinitely more importance than just to memorize a list of kings in correct order, and knowing naught to speak of about half of them.

What a picture you get of Rufus of the Red in the closing chapters of Whistler's Gerald the Sheriff, as he insists on crossing to France in the teeth of that wild storm because "no king had ever been drowned yet!" And he got there, too!—and made history for himself thereby also for some few others. Really, wouldn't it be well worth the library's while to have an easily reached section devoted exclusively to historical fiction, to no means excluding Sir Walter Scott? And a card tabulating briefly the years, periods, and a few of the historical folk therein for ready reading when that special period is up for study and perhaps discussion? But perhaps the library already has this. If so, it has my congratulations and apology.

John Preston True.

Waban, Mass.

## NORTH PARIS

Those having 100 per cent in spelling for the week ending March 26 in Grammar Room: Myron Pierce, Milna Romalinen, Ida McKen, Elsie Maatta, Harold Andrews, Wilbur Chamberlain, Fred Rider, Annie McKen, Laura Allen, Perry Jones. Primary Room: Elsie McKen, Lucile Andrews, Elsie Romalinen, Eugene Pashkosen had 100 in Arithmetic for the entire week.

The Primary Room had an Easter program on Good Friday.

Mrs. Joe Ellingwood and two daughters, Evelyn and Berget, are new ones to have scarlet fever.

Mrs. Ray Abbott was in Norway and South Paris Saturday.

Miss Marion Perkins spent the Easter holiday in Portland, visiting relatives and friends.

## SNOWSTORM BLOCKS ROADS

Lingering winter struck an effective blow Monday in an all day storm during which a foot or more of snow fell. Although some rain fell it did not keep the snow from drifting when the wind came up. Although the main routes were kept in passable condition most of the time, it was impossible to keep the less used roads open.

It is expected that the West Bethel Flat and Gravel Hill roads will be opened today.

## BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange met in regular session Saturday evening, March 26 at eight o'clock. W. M. in chair. Officers present: G. K. E. B. Bennett, O. Fred Wight, Pomona, Pearl Kilgore. Opened in form.

Remarks were made by Bro. Saunders, Insurance agent, on insurance and the necessity of every member having same.

A communication from State Master Crawford in regard to Grange work this year was read by the W. M. On motion it was voted to appoint a committee for the annual sugar party, the date to be set later. Committee—Fred Wight, E. B. Bennett, and Robert Davis. Sugar—S. P. Davis, C. F. Saunders. Snow—R. M. Bean, Fred Kilgore and Herbert Morton, Jr.

It was also voted to have a public whist party at the Grange Hall Friday evening, April 1st. Committee—L. E. Wight, E. Bennett and Fred Kilgore.

Literary Programme: Singing, Old Rugged Cross, Men's Chorus. Paper, The Message of Easter, Adelle Saunders. Paper Origin of Easter, Bertha Bean. Roll Call. Questions and answers on Grange Etiquette and Procedure.

There were 20 members present. A box supper was enjoyed by all. At the next regular meeting, April 9, there will be a "Pie Social." The program:

"The Grange and the Church" Roll Call. For the Sisters, "What the Church Can Do for the Grange." For the Brothers, "What the Grange Can Do for the Church." Discussion, Are there too many Rural Churches?

Songs and music appropriate for this program will be used. There will be a surprise feature by Sister Bertha Bean.

BOOKS ADDED TO BETHEL LIBRARY DURING MARCH

Leads of Love, Anne Parrish. Mary's Neck, Booth Tarkington. Summer's Night, Sylvia Thompson. American Beauty, Edna Ferber. Crowded Years, Wm. G. McAdoo. Morning Becomes Electra, Eugene O'Neill.

Dictionary of Am. Biography, Malone and Johnson. Given by Mr. S. J. Rich.

MRS. SARAH W. FOSTER

Mrs. Sarah Foster, widow of the late Judge Leach Foster who practiced law in Bethel for many years, died at her home in Portland Monday night. She was born in Bethel 85 years ago but for the past 33 years has lived in Portland.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. L. A. Edwards, Pastor. Church School, Miss Ida Packard, Superintendent.

10:45 Morning Worship with sermon by the Pastor. His subject will be "That Which Abides."

Comrades of the Way will meet at 6:30. Subject, How can we know what is right and what is wrong? Leader, Marguerite Hall.

Union Mass Meeting, addressed by Rev. Eleanor Mason, who represents that fine Christian organization known throughout the nation, The Volunteers of America. Every one is most cordially invited.

BETHEL M. E. CHURCH. Rev. R. C. McNeil, Minister.

9:45 Sunday School Superintendent, Evans Wilson.

10:45 Morning Worship. 11:00 Epworth League. Leader, E. G. Ina Hadden.

There will be a Union service in the Congregational Church.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY. Chapman Street.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Service Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, Pharaoh.

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 p. m.

SUNDAY RIVER

L. E. Wight of North Norway was in town on day this week.

Miss Elizabeth Helms came home last week for an Easter vacation.

Miss Julia Brooks spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Roger Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bean and daughter were business visitors in Lewiston recently.

Roland Fleet and Will Helms were in Harrison Thursday night. Miss Elizabeth Helms returned home with them.

## OXFORD COUNTY BOYS AND GIRLS SELECTED FOR SPRINGFIELD TRIP

The Maine State Chamber of Commerce has announced the list of 140 boys and girls of Maine's 4-H Clubs who, with their chaperons, will be entitled to represent their respective counties as guests of the State Chamber on the annual trip to Springfield, Mass., in September, and the week's training encampment at the Eastern States Exposition. The selection was made by State Club Leader Lester H. Shibles, based on records of achievement in club projects. In order to be eligible the club members must be still engaged in approved club projects Sept. 1.

This is the sixth year that the State Chamber of Commerce has included the Springfield expedition in its annual budget, at a cost of \$3500 a year. The boys and girls of Oxford County included in the selected list are:

G. Norton Emmons, West Paris. Frederick Stevens, Canton. Ruth A. Stevens, Canton.

Wilbur P. Elliott, Rumford Point. Elizabeth Abbott, Rumford Point. John Curtis, Mexico. Elizabeth Holman, Norway. Rita Spring, Ilwaco.

DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE ORGANIZED

At the Democratic Caucus, held Saturday night, March 26, the following delegates and alternates were appointed to send to the State Convention held in Portland March 25-30.

Delegates—John Harrington, Hugh Thurston, Fred Edwards, M. R. Hastings.

Alternates—Mrs. Florence Thurston, Tom Farrell, C. L. Thurston, Pat O'Brien.

The following Town Committee was chosen:

John Harrington, chairman, Mrs. Hugh Thurston, Secretary, Pat O'Brien, Tom Farrell, J. P. Butts, Mrs. R. R. Tibbets, John Howe, Clarence Bennett, Mrs. Maud McOrlilly, Chester Cummings, G. L. Thurston.

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

Gould Academy closed on Friday, March 25th, for an Easter vacation of one week. Teachers and pupils have gone to their respective homes.

Miss Eleanor Nelson, teacher of Public Speaking and Physical Education for Girls at the Academy, was so unfortunate as to trip on the stairs at the Students' Home, and fell, breaking her collar bone. She was able to get to her home in Bethel on Tuesday, but will, of course, be absent from school for a few weeks of the spring term. A substitute will be secured to fill her place until she is able to resume her work.

The Manual Training Exhibit last Thursday was attended by an unusual number of parents and citizens. Much praise was heard for the most excellent work done by the pupils of this department. If parents and citizens would visit all departments of the school more often, note the painstaking work that is being done by teachers and by many pupils, we feel sure that closer cooperation would be maintained between the school and the home, and that people in general would have a higher and broader conception of what the school means to the community which it serves.

Principal F. E. Hancom recently received announcement from the Regional Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., that Gould Academy had been placed on its list of selected secondary schools, to which a gold medal will be sent each year to be awarded to the male student in the graduating class, maintaining the highest average rank in mathematics and science during his preparatory school course.

An official number of Gould Academy graduates, representing college boys, have won high honors in military training, as noted in the March issue of Time. The name of graduate, Harold A. McLeod, class of 1929, is included in this list. Mr. McLeod entered the University of Pennsylvania last September, and up to the present time, has maintained a rank of A in his course.

Principal Frank E. Hancom has announced the Honor Roll for the fourth period at Gould Academy as follows: First Honors, Seniors, June Brown, Katherine Carter, Richard Holt and Evelyn Whitman of Bethel. Mark Hamlin of Milan, N. H., Juniors, Esther Burris, Carl Hansman and Leslie Learned of Bethel, Carl Hennings of Bangor, Elizabeth Hunt of Bethel, and John Thorpe of Christian Cove; Sophomores, Stanley Allen, Richard Marshall and Mary Tibbets of Bethel, Freshmen, Beatrice Merrill of Bethel and Frances Morrill of Bethel.

## HERE AND THERE IN MAINE

Governor Gardner has announced that he believes inmates of penal institutions should do productive work. Warden Thurston has already planned work in printing, and making uniforms for State Police and game wardens.

\$20,000 worth of liquor was seized by Sheriff Albert P. Henderson and his deputies in West Bath, Thursday, March 24.

The pulp making plants and other properties of the United Paper Board Co., at Benton and Fairfield have been transferred to the Upo Corp., a Delaware concern.

Crops in Maine dropped 45% in value in 1931 as compared to 1930.

The Bangor Police have been asked to aid in the search for the Lindbergh baby.

Dr. G. P. Emmons, first superintendent of the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston, and a widely known physician, passed away Sunday morning.

A \$3,500 fire occurred in Norway Saturday evening when the home of Irving Witham on Green Street burned.

The Central Securities Corporation has purchased the stock of the Livermore Falls Power and Light Co., the Turner Light and Power Co., and the Dennistown Power Co. It was announced Monday.

The city of Portland observed its 100th anniversary of incorporation as a municipality Saturday, March 26.

In the sixth report of the Literary Digest's 1932 Prohibition poll, Maine voted 2 to 1 for the repeal of the 18th amendment.

PORTABLE WOOD-SAWING MACHINE HAZARDOUS

Because of the many fatal and near fatal injuries suffered throughout the State this winter following the rupturing of flywheels and saws on portable wood-sawing machines, it becomes necessary to issue a warning to owners and operators.

Investigations reveal that in some cases make-shift flywheels have had their rim speeds built up by improper pulley ratios to nearly two miles a minute. One instance is reported where a flywheel, cracked by fire, ruptured as it came up to speed, killing the user. Cracked saws, mechanically out of balance and the like have also accounted for other near-disasters.

A better appreciation of the terrific forces built up in circular saws and flywheels can be had by consideration of the recent case in Eastern Maine when a 23 1/2 pound fragment of a flywheel rim travelled a quarter of a mile to tear through the side of a house and bury itself in the opposite wall, narrowly missing one of the occupants.

Many wood-sawing rigs are made up of cast-off parts of automobile engines and mill scrap with utter disregard for the factor as necessary to the safe operation of such machines. Cracked saws are used to the jeopardy of users and the utter disregard of increased hazard following an increase of saw diameter is deplorable. Too little attention is paid to balance and pulley ratios as well as to the pulleys themselves, the latter constituting a typical flywheel hazard at extreme speeds. Heating in the bearings is often neglected to save to replace pulleys and bearings.

It is noted that the quality, design and strength of parts used in the construction of these wood-sawing rigs are never given a consideration also during the preparatory school course.

Used data, be full before putting such machinery into operation.

Pulley should be matched in the heaviest possible cast iron, and should be carefully checked by tests to the machine frame. Saw should have a maximum coverage as possible with the operation of spine. The hazards of belts and pulleys are known to all and can be easily eliminated by a more careful use of the machine.

Walter J. Brennan.

ODEON HALL, BETHEL

Sat. Night, April 2

A RKO Production

Wheeler and Woolsey in

Cracked Nuts

Series Chapter 8

"Heroes of the Flames"

Cartoon, Comedy and Sound News

Children, 20c Adults, 35c



## HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

### Questions

- 1 Who wrote "The Elegy in the Country Churchyard"?
- 2 What great musical composer was deaf?
- 3 What university developed from John D. Scopes' evolution trial?
- 4 How far north in the United States has coral reef been found?
- 5 What two chapters in the Bible are alike?
- 6 Where is the largest office building in the world?
- 7 When was the organization, the Boy Scouts of America incorporated?
- 8 Is the aorta an artery or a vein?
- 9 Name eleven gems.
- 10 What position did Marshall Joffe hold in the World War?

### Answers to Last Week's Questions

- 1 Oliver Goldsmith.
- 2 "Papa" Joffe.
- 3 Aaron Burr.
- 4 Cape Sable, Fla.
- 5 Leviticus, Judges 20:36.
- 6 Bell in St. Paul's Cathedral, in England.
- 7 "The Messiah."
- 8 Arteries.
- 9 Piano, organ, violin, harp, banjo, guitar, viol. lyre, zither.
- 10 Frances E. Willard.

### GROVER HILL

A north-east snow storm is on in the morning (Monday). Grover and Evander Whitman sawed a N. A. spruce sapling with a sawing circle and saw.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Tyler visited relatives in Mechanic Falls and Auburn Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Evander H. Whitman, and Robert, went to Norway Sunday evening where they will remain with relatives for several days.

Richard Wright who was the guest of Robert Whitman last week returned to Norway with the Whitmans. The Academy students are enjoying a recess this week.

### BUSINESS CARDS

**HOWARD E. TYLER, D. C.**  
Palmer Graduate  
Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.  
Evenings by appointment  
Bethel  
Monday afternoon Tel. 228-8  
Thurs. eve. NORWAY

**S. GREENLEAF**  
FURNITURE DIRECTOR & MORTICIAN  
AUTO HEARSE  
AMBULANCE FOR MOVING THE SICK  
Day and Night Service  
BETHEL, MAINE  
Phone 112

**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**  
BETHEL, MAINE  
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKERS  
Carve Designs  
FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP  
Letters of inquiry promptly answered  
We can Work for Our Prices  
**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

**DR. RALPH OTIS HOOD**  
Osteopath  
Office at the  
Residence of Mrs. Wallace Clark  
Daily Evenings  
9:12 and 2:30-5 by appointment

**E. M. KLAIR**  
Graduate of Faxon Planoforia School, Boston, Mass.  
at H. C. Howe's on Saturdays  
(P. H. REVIEW INVITED)

**BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION**  
FIRE ALARM SIGNALS  
1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Main, Mass. and Paradise Streets.

- 2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
- 3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.
- 4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Houghton, Chapman Streets.
- 5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.
- 6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main, Mill Yard and Railroad Street.

**IN CASE OF FIRE**—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send the alarm immediately.

**Advertise Your Business**

## HOW

**LIGHT ARRANGEMENT MAY HELP THE COLOR-BLIND.**  
It has been asserted that a color-blind person can see the world only in black and white, and that only men, dogs, and birds have reached the four-color stage.

Here is an experiment which illustrates the evolution of your vision with regard to color. Take a blue card in your right hand and a yellow one in your left and try to look at them at the same time with different eyes. You will see a dirty white or a competition between the two colors. You will see neither blue nor yellow definitely. Red and green cards in place of blue and yellow produce a yellowish color or a similar composition.

A well-known professor now suggests that if a little orange were introduced into red light and a little blue into the green, slightly color-blind people could be able to distinguish between them.

### How Changes in Season Cause Color Variation

The tendency of some animals to change color with the seasons like the foliage of trees, is explained by Dr. H. R. Hensley of the University of Oregon in the American Journal of Zoology.

Dr. Hensley found that the fur of certain we-tens mice became progressively darker with the advance of cold weather. He also ascertained that the pigment responsible for fur color is contained in cells at the tips of the hairs where it is most needed in the winter and quantity of it with the advancing season that causes the change.

"A somewhat correlative change of color in the mouse," says Dr. Hensley, "accompanied the changing hours of vegetation as the season advanced. It is just another instance of the intimate adjustment between the individual and the environment. The fading of the fur will accompany the decomposition of chlorophyll in the surrounding vegetation."

**How Fish Swim**  
A series of interesting experiments has just disproved an old theory—that fish swim by means of their tails. It seems they can swim just as quickly if their tail fins are removed. It is actually the action of muscles on the sides of their bodies that sends them through the water, and this action starts from the head. But swimming is not the only form of motion of which fishes are capable. Some of them can come out of the water and walk or even climb. A number of these walking fish were at the London zoo recently. They are mud skippers from Java. When out of water they use their breast fins as legs.

**How Wreckers Lured Ships**  
Sage head is on the coast of North Carolina near Cape Fear. In 1700, the first time the famous pirate, Captain Teach, known as Blackbeard, lived near there. He would flash a lantern to a ship's head and, at the same time, the lantern bobbing up and down with the movement of the old sea head, would look from the sea like a ship's light reflecting the waves. Other ships, thinking there was a channel or an anchorage, would follow and go ashore. The pirates then would take the disabled vessel.

**How Copra Is Made**  
Copra is the dried meat of the coconut, which is detached from the shell after it is broken and dried. One thousand nuts yield from 440 to 550 pounds of copra, containing approximately 10 per cent of water. The copra is dried either by exposure to the air or sun, or by some artificial drying process, such as kiln drying or subjection to a current of hot air in a heated tunnel.

**How to Transfer Pictures**  
To transfer pictures, a wax may be made from three parts beeswax, three parts tallow, one part each Canadian balsam and olive oil. Another method is to dissolve one and one-half drams yellow soap in a pint of hot water, adding three fluid ounces turpentine; this mixture is applied to the picture or printed matter, the blank sheet is dampened and subjected to pressure until design is transferred.

**How We Get "Blimp"**  
The word "blimp" is said to have originated from "B" for "balloon," and "limp," to designate "limp tail." A Zeppelin type dirigible has a right framework covered with fabric in which the gas is held in balloon effect. A blimp has only a rigid lower section and the pressure of the gas keeps the upper part filled out.

**How to Solder Aluminum**  
Hewley's Book of Formulas recommends first tinning the parts to be soldered, with a composition of five parts tin to one part aluminum, and then replacing the ordinary soldering iron by one of pure aluminum and soldering with a composition of copper, zinc and aluminum.

**How Phrase Originated**  
"What is the origin of the saying 'left in the lurch'?" asks a correspondent. It arose when one player was left behind the other in the card game of cribbage. "Lurch" is a corruption of lurcher, a French game.

## Jealously Kept Secret

**of Dessert Delicacy**  
While the rest of England walked hungrily by, the haughty Charles I. guarding the secret of the recipe with great care, sat in his pantry examining himself with luscious ice cream. The greedy monarch, fearful lest the recipe might "leak out," pensioned his French cook, De Mireo, who first made ice cream for him, with a bountiful supply of "hush money" to keep the process secret.

The first recipe for ice cream is reported to have been published in Rome by Quintus Maximus Gurgus. Water ices and milk ices were introduced into Europe from Asia by Marco Polo. After this introduction, it was popular at the banquet tables of royalty in Germany, France and England. The first wholesale ice cream business was introduced by James Fussell, of Baltimore, according to the National Dairy Council. He owned a dairy and utilized the surplus cream for making ice cream. The sideline soon proved more profitable than the original milk business. Although still a dish for kings, ice cream is now enjoyed by almost every one. Last year every person in this country ate approximately 100 dishes of this American dessert, ice cream.—Wallace's Farmer.

## Chimpanzee Proved He

**Had Curiosity, Anyway**  
Some time ago a scientist was anxious to discover whether chimpanzees possessed any power of reasoning. In the cage of one of them he hung a banana out of the ape's reach. He also placed in the cage two or three wooden boxes. The chimpanzee took a long while to think it out, eventually he placed one box on top of another, stood on the pile and reached the banana.

Then the scientist gave him another test, but it occurred to him that the chimpanzee might think more quickly if he was not being observed. The chimpanzee was placed in a room, and the scientist, going outside, put his eye to the keyhole to watch the proceedings. He was amazed to find that he was looking into another eye. The chimpanzee had got there first!

Chimpanzees seem to have some kind of reasoning power, and many believe that if taken in hand young enough they could be educated to a remarkable degree.

## Scientists Study Python

Snakes are cold-blooded animals, both traditionally and by actual scientific measurements. They are appreciably colder than their surroundings; yet a female python in the National Zoological park, at Washington, that laid a clutch of eggs and tried to hatch them literally warmed up to her maternal task by becoming measurably warmer than her environment. These observations were reported before the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, by Dr. Francis G. Bennett, and associates, of the Carnegie Institution, of Washington. An incubating python in captivity is such a rare phenomenon that special studies with electrical heat recording instruments were conducted. The python provided the opportunity.

## I Was Wasted Effort

The old expression "carrying coals to Newcastle" is thus explained: Now, coal is a center of the British coal trade, and a great port for the shipping of it. To "carry coals to Newcastle" is a waste of labor a futile, or unnecessary effort, an effort to supply a need already well supplied. The phrase is of seventeenth century origin, or perhaps older. But similar proverbs exist in many languages. There is one in French about "carrying water to the river." Ancient Greece has one about taking oaks to Athens—Athenian coins being stamped with the owl; and an oriental poet speaks of "importing pepper into Hindustan."

## "Pannage" Old Custom

During the time of pannage—the legal term for the feeding of swine in a wood or forest—each commoner can turn his swine into the new forest for a period of four weeks. This custom is one of the oldest in England, says an article in the Montreal Family Herald. In early times forest fatted pigs were thought the best for breakfast, and even men were considered to benefit and their strength increased if they had an acorn diet. "Pigs in pannage" was one of the most jealously guarded privileges during the feudal days, and one of the few to survive until today.

## First Friction Matches

In 1690 ignition of sulphur and phosphorus by friction was discovered by Geoffrey Hanowitz, but it was nearly a hundred and fifty years before this discovery was applied to matches. The year 1827 saw the first really useful friction match, made by an Englishman—John Walker, a druggist of Stockton-on-Tees. In 1828 the first improved friction matches were made in the United States by James Phillips of Springfield, Mass.

## Be Considerate to Job

An old job is like an old friend. We become so accustomed to its virtues that we may overlook its value and helplessness. We never knowingly slight or abuse an old friend, for it is the part of wisdom then to guard an old job just as jealously as Giff.

## Birds of a Feather

By JANE OSBORN  
(By the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
(WNU Service)

THERE was always something cheerful about the atmosphere of O'Grady's store that stood on one of the corners where the state highway crossed the old Main street of the village called North Hill.

There were always plenty of people waiting for the bus, young men who bought cigarettes as an excuse to hang around an hour or more, older men occasionally talking politics, girls sitting at the tables gazing over their ice cream. If you had been a resident of North Hill and had a son you would have taken it for granted probably that he would occasionally join the loiterers at O'Grady's.

But if you had had a daughter you would have passed on to her the unwritten law that girls didn't hang about O'Grady's. They went there for ice cream, or to buy a paper or candy or a quart of milk. But having made their purchase or eaten their ice cream they left. Even boys who spent too much time at O'Grady's were looked upon as idlers and loafers.

It was at O'Grady's that Lois Granger first saw Malcolm Kent. She had gone to buy bird seed and Malcolm was with the loafers leaning against the tobacco counter. Lois cast a glance in that direction just to see who was there and naturally enough noticed Kent. He was a stranger and looked so different from the usual O'Grady's frequenters, she assumed that he was waiting for a bus.

But when a day or so later she went to O'Grady's with her little sister to get an ice cream cone and noticed again the tall, rather well-dressed young man loitering there beside the cigarette counter apparently feeling very much at home, she concluded that he had got the O'Grady habit.

"Who is the good-looking stranger that's been hanging around O'Grady's lately?" Lois' uncle asked that evening at supper.

Lois tried to look indifferent, while her older brother informed the family that the loiterer was named Malcolm Kent and that he was a cousin or something of the Robinsons who had a big farm out beyond the creek. Tom further announced that he had met the young man, liked him and if there was no family objection, would bring him around to supper.

"He can't be much account," observed Lois' mother. "If he's always hanging around O'Grady's."

"Still, just because he goes there isn't any sign he's like the other O'Grady loafers," Lois said.

"Birds of a feather flock together," pronounced her mother. "You're right," said the uncle. "Every time I've been in there he has been hanging around O'Grady's."

Still it was agreed to permit Tom to bring the young man to supper. And that was where Lois met him. Malcolm called again two nights later and when he was told that Tom was not at home he asked whether he might see Miss Lois. Yes, he had actually come to see her. He had an idea that Tom wouldn't be home.

Almost every night at supper when Malcolm wasn't present, Lois' family spent some time in discussing Mr. Kent. He had said something about having had some sort of a job on a newspaper. But certainly he couldn't be doing any news gathering out here at North Hill. And always Lois' mother would observe that birds of a feather flocked together. It was a matter of common talk that he spent more than half his waking hours at O'Grady's.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, Malcolm and Lois went walking down country lanes in the mellow autumn sunshine, and Malcolm asked Lois to be his wife.

"I think I'd like to, but I don't know how my family will feel about it. They know you aren't working, and you spend so much time at O'Grady's."

"Just because I hang around O'Grady's doesn't mean that I am like other O'Grady's loafers, does it?" asked Malcolm with a mystifying smile.

"Only mother says that birds of a feather flock together."

"Well, it happens that the reason why this bird flocks around O'Grady's is because he is of an entirely different feather."

## County News

### BRYANT POND

The Minstrel Show, put on by Franklin Grange, March 23, was a success. There was a full house and a good sum was realized.

The ladies of the Star Birthday Club gave a banquet to the brothers last Friday night. They were seated at four tables decorated to represent the four seasons. Spring, yellow and green. The center piece was jonquils and pussy willows. Summer, pink and green, with pink roses for a centerpiece. Autumn, black and orange, with centerpiece of autumn leaves. Winter, red and green, centerpiece, a Christmas tree. Each table had a lovely birthday cake. The menu consisted of mashed potatoes, cold boiled ham, beet pickles, hot rolls, custard and lemon pies. Worthy Patron Abner Main, in behalf of the Star Birthday Club, presented the Past Patrons with Past Patrons' buttons. They were all present but one. A short program was then presented: Readings, Annie Bryant and Cora Crockett. An original poem by Martha Dudley. A charade by Jeanette Tebbets, assisted by the ladies of her table. After the tables were cleared away they finished the evening by playing cards. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Eva Billings has been sick with an abscess in her throat, but is better. Dorothea Billings and Charles Hicks were the week and guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Billings. Ruyden Billings is at home on a vacation of two weeks from his school at Milford.

Mrs. Fred Noyes, who has been suffering with an abscess in her throat, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cushman of Auburn have been the guests of their mother, Mrs. Florence Cushman, for a few days.

Ida, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cushman, has been ill with tonsillitis. Prof. H. Otis Noyes and Howard Emery of Plattsburgh, N. Y., are spending their Easter Vacation at home.

Mrs. R. F. Willard has been spending the week at Orono attending Farm and Home Week.

Miss Christina Willard, R. N., of Boston was the week and guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Willard.

The P. T. A. will present their drama Friday, April 1.

Walter Davis took his father, Stephen Davis, Albert Brooks, Leland Austin and Robert Farrum to Portland Sunday to the 12 Class.

### LOCKE MILLS

The Greenwood Community Club presented their drama, "And Mary Did," at East Summer, March 22.

Herbert Mason, who recently returned from the Rumford Hospital, is much better.

Misses Alice Chute and Hazel Salls were in Lewiston Saturday.

Misses Mary and Joan Davis spent a few days with their grandmother at Bryant Pond last week.

Miss Gwendolyn Swan was the guest of her classmate, Miss Erma Cushman, of North Woodstock, recently.

A few people from here attended the minstrel show at Bryant Pond, Wednesday evening.

Miss Eunice Salls spent Sunday at Summer.

A meeting was held at the school house Thursday evening to decide about church services for this year.

Mrs. Donald Tebbets and Mrs. Owen Davis attended the Eastern Star banquet and meeting at Bryant Pond March 25.

The "Best We Can Do" 4-H Club held a meeting at the school house Saturday afternoon with the Leader, Assistant Leader, and 11 members present. After the business meeting, a program was given, contests were held, and refreshments, consisting of punch, cookies, and candy, were served. Anne Ring and Rita Salls had charge of the social hour.

### SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Many made a special effort to attend the beautiful Easter services, rejoicing, while others, not so privileged, enjoyed in their homes Boston radio programs.

Mrs. Mary Andrews was very happily surprised on the afternoon of March 22, when her niece, Mrs. Jessie Andrews, accompanied by a party of friends, called to see her and help make happy her birthday. Although taken completely by surprise, "Aunt Mary" was soon making everyone right at home and all enjoyed a general good time. The birthday cake presented was very pretty with its beautiful decorations. Among the nuptial present were Mrs. Lyla Dean, Mrs. Caroline Etcher, Mrs. Cora Dean, Mrs. Minnie Stevens, Mrs. Velma Davis, Mrs. Jessie Andrews, Mrs. Vera Buck, Mrs. Florence Benson, and Mrs. Frank Andrews. The time passed all too soon when all had to go to their homes wishing "Aunt Mary" many happy returns of the day.

Elsworth Brooks is working on the milk truck for Turner Centre, collecting milk in this and other nearby towns for daily delivering. Mr. Brooks is a good worker and is seldom wanting for a job.

Mrs. Iva Andrews has purchased a chicken brooder and expects a consignment of chickens soon, taking up the work for pleasure and profit at her new home here where the family are so cozily situated on the well known late Aaron Irish farm.

Grover, the fruit and vegetable dealer, is making his weekly trip through the place. Mr. Grover reports that the influenza makes no discrimination between the worker and the non worker, explaining his absence by missing a few trips when both Mrs. Grover and himself were both unwilling victims of the tyrant flu.

Mrs. Caroline Etcher has gone to Auburn to act as housekeeper for her son, Lyonel Etcher.

The Willing Workers were entertained Wednesday, March 23, by Mr. Caroline Etcher and Mrs. Lyla Dean at the home of Mrs. Dean. A large number were present. After the meeting a program and refreshments were enjoyed.

### UPTON

We are having the worst storm of the season this week, Monday and Tuesday.

The Sunrise Service held at the Church on Easter morning at six o'clock was well attended. A beautiful pageant, depicting the rising of Christ from the tomb, was given. Two solo were rendered. The church was beautifully decorated with boughs, Easter lilies, and house plants.

Albert Fuller and Elwin Brown have made three trips recently to Winslet with telephone poles for James Barnett.

Mrs. C. A. Jenkins was a breakfast guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Allen on Easter morning after the Sunrise Service.

J. H. H. Dodge has returned from Portland and Brunswick.

### HOUSE WIRING

**ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK**

The Central Maine Power Co. having given up all wiring, I am prepared to give prompt service in wiring, alterations and repairs—large or small.

**GUY MORGAN**  
General Wiring Contractor  
BETHEL  
Phone 41-6

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

New Silk Dresses	\$4.75
Skirts	\$1.98
Silk Undies	49c
New Silk Hosiery \$1.00 quality	79c
Pure Silk Hose \$1.50 grade	\$1.15
Leighton Silk and Rayon Hose	49c

### NEW LINE STAMPED GOODS

**Edw. P. Lyon**  
Bethel, Maine

## PRIZED GRA

WENT IN

A young advertiser been handicapped while young, he is as he looks. His appearance has often authority—such as to treat him with descension rather than one of slightly pre-emptory employee tendentious with influence than he ever can achieve. This persistent worried him, mildly more. It was, thing near real pleasure the first grained visioned himself as, taining the dignity had come to covet—many people addressed him as "boy" along nicely. It spread of his head. He app. Then his wife, emul her periodical call him up, insisted that shorter. He exp. the barber.

He emerged from with the idea that an alert young executive in at a soda fountain, the busy dispenser, pensive, a lap of abo to him.

"And what is you he inquired. The advertising in mirror. The barber away.—New York S

**First Name**  
Daniel J. Dempsey, Worcester attorney, French-Canadian with ago.

"My name is Ben answer to the usual 'And what is you asked Mr. Dempsey.

To a flustered court he replied, "I 'You don't know I asked Dempsey.

"No, it was this twins up in Canada were Pete and Joe. died. My mother said, father says it's him. Whether I'm Pete or Globe.

**Odd Traffic**  
High up in the sign at the Detroit municipal stands as pianos co-traffic with a barrel-inches long and 8 in-It is fitted with pist-gers. As the pianos h-man can be seen plo-on" at them. It is light which is visible at which it is pointed light shines the pi-some more, but wh-green the field is ch-bring his plane down

**Short-Sighted**  
Statisticians derived fions conducted by the erament show that Ge-erably be designated of the Short-sighted," the whole world is a where there is a in of near-sighted people man states where vis-most pronounced, ssered to be at the head-able list. There, out adults, more than 20 with myopia.—News Vienne.

**Long Heartrate**  
Fifty years ago Ep-pioneer Staville (N started a fire in his h-ding night and the fire burning continuously the fifty years, Ephra spent one night and from home, but each was so well banked the out.

**Daniel Webster**  
A Boston directory list Webster in 1827 and b-natura has been found Sampson & Mordick, p-Boston directory at book listed 12,000 per-occupations, compared of the 1837 list.

**At the Hockey**  
Hushtad in true fan-tender paid a \$10,000 a that paid from going in Wife (her first game) carpenter would have cents!

**Generosity Wa**  
"Is that ex-gambler Polly?"  
"No, I'll trade a bus-rast for a man with a day."

**True Enoug**  
Caller—I hear you start way, sir.  
Big Business Man—Yes mother tells me I only founds.

**Why Have Citi**  
Cities, after all, are growths, only bits of A have increased much fast rest.—Woman's Home Co



PRIZED GRAY HAIRS  
WENT INTO DISCARD

A young advertising man has long been handicapped by the fact that, while young, he is not nearly so young as he looks. His youthfulness of appearance has often caused persons in authority—such as traffic policemen—to treat him with a degree of condescension rather than respect. His office boy, whose appearance is one of slightly premature maturity, is everywhere treated by subway guards, box office employees and garage attendants with infinitely more respect than he ever can achieve.

This persistent youthfulness has worried him, mildly, for ten years or more. It was, therefore, with some relief that he learned that he was coming to the first gray hairs. He envisioned himself as, at long length, attaining the dignity of appearance he had come to covet—partly because so many people absent-mindedly addressed him as "boy." The gray came along nicely. It spread along the sides of his head. He approached maturity. Then his wife, embarking on one of her periodical campaigns to smarten him up, insisted that he keep his hair cut shorter. He explained the need to the barber.

He emerged from the shop pleased with the idea that he now looked like an alert young executive. He dropped in at a soda fountain and sat waiting the busy dispenser. Finally the dispenser, a lad of about twenty, turned to him.

"And what is yours, young man?" he inquired.

The advertising man looked in the mirror. The barber had cut the gray away.—New York Sun.

## First Name Unknown

Daniel J. Dempsey, Jr., Boston and Worcester attorney, was examining a French-Canadian witness a few days ago.

"My name is Benuvalis," he said, in answer to the usual opening question. "And what is your first name?" asked Mr. Dempsey.

"To a habergeasted attorney and court he replied, 'I don't know.'"

"You don't know your first name?" asked Dempsey.

"No. It was this way. We were twins up in Canada, and our names were Pete and Joe. Well, one of us died. My mother says it's me. My father says it's him. So I don't know whether I'm Pete or Joe."—Boston Globe.

## Odd Traffic Directing

High up in the signal control tower at the Detroit municipal airport a man stands as planes come in, directing traffic with a barrel-shaped object 18 inches long and 8 inches in diameter. It is fitted with pistol grips and triggers. As the planes hover in close the man can be seen pointing the "weapon" at them. It is an aerial traffic light which is visible only to the plane at which it is pointed. When the red light shines the pilot must circle some more, but when he spots the green the field is clear for him to bring his plane down.

## Short-Sighted Germans

Statistics derived from investigations conducted by the German government show that Germany may very properly be designated as the "Land of the Short-Sighted." Nowhere else in the whole world is there a country where there is a larger percentage of near-sighted people. Of the German states where vision defects are most pronounced, Saxony was discovered to be at the head of the unenviable list. There, out of every 1,000 adults, more than 200 are affected with myopia.—Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Vienna.

## Long Heartthrob Fire

Fifty years ago Ephraim Scroggs, pioneer Statesville (N. C.) resident, started a fire in his home on his wedding night and the fire has been kept burning continuously ever since. In the fifty years, Ephraim and his wife spent one night and one day away from home, but each time the fire was so well banked that it did not go out.

## Daniel Webster Relic

A Boston directory issued to Daniel Webster in 1827 and bearing his signature has been found in the files of Sampson & Mardock, publishers of the Boston directory at present. The book listed 12,000 persons and their occupations, compared with 450,000 in the 1931 issue.

## At the Hockey Match

Husband to true fact—That good teacher gets \$10,000 a season to keep that puck from going into the net. Wife (her first game)—Yahoo! Any carpenter would board it up for 50 cents!

## Generosity Wanted

"Is that ex-gambler good to you, Polly?"

"No, I'll trade a husband with a past for a man with a present any day."

## True Enough

Caller—I hear you started in a small way, sir.

Big Business Man—Yes, indeed, my mother tells me I only weighed six pounds.

## Why Have Cities?

Cities, after all, are not alien crowding, only bits of America that have increased much faster than the rest.—Woman's Home Companion.

## The Dentist

## Who Wanted to Be an Artist

By Fannie Hurst

IF ANYONE had asked Howard Masters why he took up dentistry as his profession, he would have answered quickly and somewhat bitterly: Because my grandfather, father, two brothers and a sister are dentists and the period of training was shorter and less expensive than that of most of the other professions.

No unsound reasons and yet lacking in every fundamental principle upon which, usually, the choice of a life work needs to be founded.

In Howard's case, his bitter realization of the fundamental principle, love for his work, was lacking. It was difficult to cross his family in its unanimous desire for his electing dentistry. His grandfather and father were about to retire; his two brothers had removed to remote western cities there to develop practices and his sister, about to marry, was torn between continuing her profession or following the wish of her husband-to-be, that she retire.

It was therefore expected of Howard that he would go into dentistry, and keep alive, so to speak, the Masters' tradition in the Middle West city, where for generations there had been a Doctor Masters, D.D.S.

Well, Howard qualified all right as a student, profiting by the elders who were constantly at his elbow with help and advice during his term, and graduated, if not with high honors, at least with sufficiently good standing to start him off well in his practice.

Not only that, there was ready and waiting for Howard a certain clientele which would just naturally gravitate to a Masters. Certain of the old families of the town would let a tooth ache, rather than take it to anyone besides a Masters. As the grandfather and father said, it was impossible for either one of them to retract, by retire, until Howard got out his shingle. The town insisted upon a Masters for a dentist.

Strangely, the first year was not so bad. There were so many side issues to divert. First the new office to be furnished, with all the modern and expensive appliances which the older Masters had managed to forego. Then, the novelty of putting into practice the theoretical information he had achieved in classroom and laboratory and half-applied in his clinical work and as apprentice in the office of an older dentist.

The new dentistry, with its growing relationship to medical science and the various aspects of oral surgery, presented, during the first year, interesting vistas of experimentation and research.

Then one day a slip of a girl from one of the town's newer families, whose right molar he happened to be filling, looked up at him between sessions of grinding, and said: "How in the world would a man ever choose to be a dentist?" And Howard began to realize to what extent that same question was put up again: his consciousness.

How in the world, he heard Masters, whose fingers ached to paint and the secret owners of whose rooms were jammed with old and water-colored dentures and dental sessions, ever choose to be a dentist? As a matter of fact, it came surging over him in a slow sort of anger, he hadn't. It had been planned, thought, decided for him, and he, non-resistant, had allowed a half-senile grandfather and a father accustomed to rule to carve out his destiny as if it had been so much soapstone.

And what sort of a destiny? The destiny of a dentist? A filler of molars. An engineer of small mouth bridges and false plates for the toothless. He, Howard Masters, with the soul of an artist, grinding, filling, bridging, and crowning his days away.

Realization, like an avalanche set in motion by the rebuke of a slip of a girl's remark, began to roll in thunder into the mind of Howard, awakening him to the reality of his discontent; filling him with a kind of humiliation, causing him to openly leave his profession.

Thus it was that very early in his career, the first year he had to leave, he broke and artfully turned that very thing short of upholding to his parent and grandfather, began to lay hold of Howard. Appointments he regarded with none of the rigid observance demanded of his profession, bridge work, because he despised its intricacies, he did in a loose, slipshod fashion, and on one occasion, when an old and revered patient of his grandfather's came to him requesting to have his teeth cleaned, Howard flung told him his repugnance for such work, and sent him to a rival classmate who had hung up a shingle opposite.

Of course the result was inevitable, but it came none too soon to suit Howard. Within a six-months, to the consternation of his family and his own secret satisfaction, his office, so far as business was concerned, was dead as the proverbial doornail, and stacked against his line new apparatus was canvas after canvas, testifying to the leisure hours he had spent in his office that were applied to activities other than dentistry.

The upshot of it all was that after a year and a half, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, the lightest heart he had ever known, and the reluctant blessings of his family on his eager head, young Masters turned his face toward a certain remote art colony on the Pacific coast, there to take up the work that lay closest to his heart, water-color and oil-painting.

Verdun-by-The-Sea turned out to be all he had dreamed it would be. Crags closed in, the Pacific rolled up to its curling, constant line like a lazy blue tongue, cottages nestled in the pale sands, and for a pliant, the young artist could rent himself a studio along the straggling bit of Main street, where all day youths in flaring collars and no hats and girls in tams and flaring smocks hurried back and forth with canvas and camp chairs under their arms. A carefree, improvised, picturesque little art colony, with tea rooms along its Main street called, Ye Tiny Shoppe, Ye Rembrandt Inn, Ye Mortar Board and a two-story building called the Auditorium, where a shaggy-haired, barefoot Hercules named called "Master" by the students, delivered lectures every morning and held classes in modeling during the afternoon.

It was all as in a dream to Howard, who, released from the horrible arduousness of a profession that had repelled him, found himself, the very first day, attired in one of the open collared shirts, duck trousers, sandals on bare feet treading on warm sands to a class in modelling presided over by the Master.

It was exhilarating beyond anything that had ever happened to him. The fact that the Masters, after six weeks, had never so much as passed by his canvas except to mark it with a bit of red chalk, which meant "no, it's over," did little to damp his enthusiasm. Free, uninhibited, and according to the demands of Howard's heart, he lived this life among the students at Verdun-by-The-Sea, opening their carefree habits, learning their art patters, relieving the long evenings through, on studio floors or over endless hours of discussion in Ye Tiny, or Ye That Tea room on the Main street.

Then one day, about his sixth month there, earning his precarious living by serving tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, he met a Miss Alida Moore, of whom he had heard, daughter of the well-known artist Myron Trollope, who lived in a town called Briarcliff, ten miles away.

It was one of those immemorial cases of love at first sight. Alida who was eighteen, slender, bobbed and forthright as a boy, western in bearing, and relentless in frankness, gave one look into the brown responsive, rather frustrated eyes of Howard, and forthwith, as she said of herself, "fell."

The same applied to Howard to such an extent that precisely three days after he had served her tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, they were engaged, on prospects so slim that alongside them, Alida said, a toothpick looked fat.

Myron Trollope, particularly after one look at Howard's work, took a stand and remained adamant. The young people were entitled to one another. If they insisted, but Howard would have to establish his ability to make his girl a living, and somehow Trollope was not inclined to think he could do so with his palette.

It was at that moment that his palette became a deterrent to Howard. "I'm a graduate dentist," he told his beloved's father in a state of bitter self-defense of his earning power. "I'm not like most of the artists around here, dependent only upon a palette and brush. I can pass any kind of state examinations tomorrow, and upon dental officers in any town I want."

It seemed to Howard that the father of Alida, Myron Trollope, the distinguished landscape painter, literally fell upon his neck.

"Good Lord, boy, these two towns of Briarcliff and Verdun-by-The-Sea have been begging for a dentist for the past five years. I've been preaching for exactly that long that the bright young fellow who puts a dentist's shingle out in the two towns can reap a young fortune. Can you have Alida? Yes, just let us a D.D.S. you can have Alida."

Thus it was that another Masters used a brass plate as background for fame and fortune.

Release From Disease  
Found in Common Sense

Release from contagious disease can be attained and yet be safe for those who will come in contact with the person previously ill. Since the notion of spontaneous generation of life has been exploded, prevention against disease can be comparatively simple. The greatest danger lies not in the bedding, looks and magazines the patient has used, but in the patient himself. Fumigation is not necessary. A good soap, rinsing and cleansing of articles in contact with the patient is sufficient. Apparent recovery of the patient, moreover, is not an indication of safety to others. The doctor's duty extends with the recovery of the patient; he has nothing to say about when the patient will be released. That duty is left to the health department in consideration of the welfare of the community. There is no mystery to release, Dr. W. W. Hodge emphasizes in the last of his series of articles in Hygiene Magazine. "It is cheap. It requires only four ingredients: hot soapy water, sunbath fresh air, elbow grease and horse sense."

## No Such Word

The word impossible is not in my dictionary.—Napoleon.

## COUNTRY LETTERS

## EAST MILTON

The worst storm of the winter so far was Monday, March 28. Everyone in this place have had colds.

Mrs. J. S. Billings and children have all been sick with a cold and sore throat, but are better now.

Luna Billings is visiting with the family of Harry Billings for a few days.

The mail carrier was unable to get through Monday in the storm.

Ernest Billings has a very bad cold. Horace Hopkins is staying at Ernest Billings' now.

Llewellyn A. Buck and family were Sunday callers at Charles Poland's.

School closed March 25 for two weeks vacation.

Rose Farnham has gone back to her school after spending a week with her parents in Woodstock.

Enos Farnham was in Peru last week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Floris Poland, also Charles Cone and wife, were in Berlin, N. H. Sunday to see Mrs. Eva Foster.

George Ryerson was at Charles Cone's Sunday.

Fannie Farnham had a birthday March 19. She was 85 years old. She does her own work, feeds her hens, and does very well for such an old lady.

The milk man did not come Tuesday, the snow was so deep and drifted so badly.

## NORTH NEWRY

Mrs. Ella Cole, Hazel and Roger Hanson of Bryant Pond attended the Easter exercises at the Church here Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bean of South Paris were week end guests of W. B. Wright and family.

Frank Bennett, who has been ill a number of weeks, is much better at this writing.

Elmer Brooks has been a guest at H. H. Morton's the past week.

W. D. Kilgore attended Grange Saturday night.

The snow plow and tractor were kept busy Monday night and Tuesday, opening the roads.

Daniel Wight is at home for Easter vacation.

The Easter Pageant was well attended Sunday evening. The young people all did very well. Miss Carrie Wight and Mrs. Ethel Vail should certainly receive their share of the praise for their part in preparing this pageant, as it meant lots of hard work and planning.

L. E. Wight and Miss Carrie Wight went to Portland Wednesday to attend the Republican Convention.

A meeting was held this week at S. P. Davis' and the following Republican Town Committee was elected: P. M. Walker, F. W. Wight, J. B. Vail, Daisy Morton. Delegate to Convention, L. E. Wight. Alternate, Carrie Wight.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

Stops Headache in Five Minutes

A Wonderful Formula Ends Aches and Pains Almost Like Magic. Something Better and Safer!

Thousands of men and women are now stopping throbbing, sick, dizzy, splitting headaches, as well as the excruciating pains of rheumatism, neuritis, toothache, etc., with a marvelous new formula that is said to be far superior to anything heretofore used.

It contains no aspirin, acetanilid, etc., and is absolutely safe and harmless. This remarkable formula, called A-VOL, is being prescribed by thousands of doctors, dentists and welfare nurses because of its quick, efficient way it relieves all types of aches and pains without depressing the heart, or causing any other harmful effects. A-VOL quickly stops the most severe pain, leaving the patient refreshed and feeling fine. Especially effective in women's period pains.

We quickly prove to yourself that this is truly a remarkable formula. Just slip into your nearest drug store and get a package of A-VOL for a few cents. Take a couple of tablets right there. If your pain is not gone in five minutes, the clerk will return your money.

## GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Waterhouse of West Paris visited at Ross Martin's Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Robinson and Ethlyn of South Bethel were at D. R. Cole's recently.

Mary Martin has returned from a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Edwin Farr, at West Poland, and is visiting a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Martin. Donald Bellisle of Biddeford is also a visitor there.

Frank Nash of Bryant Pond was in the place Thursday.

Eugene Elwell was at Lewiston recently.

Mary Martin was at Bethel Friday and had some dental work done.

H. O. Woods, the Watkins dealer, of South Paris was through the place recently.

Gordon Roberts and John Tebbels Locke Mills were recent visitors with Gordon's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Martin.

D. R. Cole and crew are sawing birch at his mill.

Flora Swan and Mae Coolidge of Bryant Pond visited with Mrs. Laura Sommes over the week end.

Reginald and David Roberts of Locke Mills visited at R. L. Martin's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stearns are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

The latest storm of the season arrived Monday and blocked the roads.

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.

Gard Bennett is doing carpenter work with Herbert Swan.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Chase were making calls in the neighborhood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Coolidge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Stanley Floyd, March 24.

Mrs. J. J. McMillin is caring for mother and baby.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Frank Gibson and family were in South Paris on business one day last week.

Frank Brown has moved his family from Bethel villa to their home here.

Lester and Glen Mason are helping Fred Chapman work.













## Under Frozen Stairs

By George Marsh

COPYRIGHT BY PENNELL CO

W.N.M. SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.—From his far post, Sunset House, in the Canadian north, Jim Stuart, trader in charge, alights an overhauled canoe in the lake. With his headman, Omar, he rescues the drifting, who proves to be Aureole LeBlond, daughter of his rival in the fur business. Made comfortable at the post, Aureole proves to be a charming companion. LeBlond, with her headman, an unscrupulous half-breed Indian, arrives in search of the missing girl. Aureole displays a kindly toward him, and the meeting in embarrassing. Though LeBlond acknowledges his debt of gratitude to Sunset House.

CHAPTER II.—Before leaving, Aureole and Jim arrange to exchange notes on a certain island. Going there, Jim is ambushed by Aureole's half-breed, who is forced to travel toward the LeBlond post. On the way he encounters the half-breed, leaving his half-breed enemy on the beach.

### CHAPTER III

That afternoon, on the shore at Sunset House, Omar sat pulling clumsily at his pipe beside the heated and waiting natives, counting the wide reaches of the still lake for a sign of Jim's canoe.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head. "He got for to see dat woman," he muttered, with an ominous shake of his head.

"You old wolf! You wouldn't let Parada off, if you got those paws of yours on him. Their beating us for the trade's got under your skin."

With a guttural growl Omar nodded. "We feed dem yet, you and Beau and Omar. We got fur from de Pipestone country dis long snow, or—phit! Sunset House, she bust!" And knocking out his pipe, the loyal French-Ojibwa prepared to roll himself in his blanket.

Two days later Jim and Omar were packing over the portage between the Lake of the Sand Beaches and the Lake of the Woman, which flowed into Lake Expance. Ahead, Smoke thrashed through the "brush" in search of rabbits. Half-way across the carry Omar rested the bow of the canoe in a birch and Jim slipped the tump-line, lashed to his back from his forehead. Then they sat down and filled their pipes.

"Christie's going to tear his hair over our small spring trade," said Jim. "I suppose he'll blame it all on me."

"Ah-hah, he forget wat you did at God's lake!"

"I'm not kidding him pretty hard from Winnipeg. He's a bit worried, thinks they might rob him."

The furious yelping of the husky up the trail caused the two men to lift their heads in curiosity.

"What's he got, there?" queried Jim. "He's not running—can't have stumbled into a sulky bull moose."

Omar shook his head. "He's a some-thing een a tree."

"Well, let's start along," said Jim. "He's near the trail. We'll find out."

Taking up their loads the two men continued over the carry. Shortly they came up with Smoke, yelping excitedly a few yards off the trail.

Slipping the tump-line from his head, Jim dropped his load and turned off the path to see what the husky had treed, when an angry voice rose above the bedlam of the husky's yelps.

"Call off that dog!"

In the thick branches of a spruce perched a stranger, treading by Smoke. "Here, Smoke! Stop that noise!"

Secretly amused at the discomfort of the man in the tree, Jim reached his dog. "He's all right, now; he won't bother you," he said.

"What you mean—having a yelp like that loose in the bush? If I'd had my gun, I'd have been him."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. I'll a valuable dog because he yelped at you. If you'd spoken to him, he wouldn't have hurt you," Jim scrutinized the stranger, who suspiciously eyed Smoke, now calmly surveying his former quarry. Evidently, from his good clothes and general appearance, he had come from "outside." Who could he be?

"Speak to him? I spoke to him in four languages, but he wouldn't listen," laughed the other.

"Well, Smoke's satisfied that you're all right, now," said Jim, impressed by the good nature of the man in new wide-shoulders, with the clasp of a city on face and manner. "You let your outfit at the end of the portage."

"Yes, your Honor, a day people, I suppose," the stranger smiled. "I'm MacLauren, of the North-West Trading company."

"Oh, yes, Mr. MacLauren. I've heard of you," Jim had indeed heard of the man who had furnished the financial backing for LeBlond's string of fur posts; but he was surprised to find him so young, hardly forty, from his looks. "My name is Stuart. I'm in charge at Sunset House."

For a space MacLauren seemed to measure the caliber of the tall fur trader with the level gray eyes which easily looked into his. Then he said: "You're the chap who's looking us up at Sunset House?"

"Yes, Mr. MacLauren," said Stuart. "I'm here to see you. I'm looking you in the fact three years ago you had the laugh on me, but I want to let you that you're not to be used for the fur in the future."

MacLauren, with a smile, extended his hand. "Good day, Stuart," he said, leaving Jim's remark, "from what I hear of you, you're too good a man to be harassed at Sunset House. The odds are too heavy against you."

"This winter the odds are going to shift," said Jim, as MacLauren's men came up with the canoe and baggage, and the partner of LeBlond left him. "You mustn't much talk with that fellow," growled Omar, walking to the canoe. "He's got fur from you, and you shake hand. Betta let Smoke eat beak up, eh?"

"You're certainly a good hater, Omar," laughed Jim. "But the man was friendly, and I was glad to have a look at LeBlond's partner."

"Ah-hah!" growled the half-breed, lifting the proterator to his shoulder. "He steal de fur an' he steal de girl. Across the remaining mile of portage to the Woman river Omar's gloomy prophecy devastated Jim's thoughts. Already he had put the hope of again

seeing Aureole LeBlond, that summer, behind him, but the thought of MacLauren monopolizing her for days—weeks, possibly—aroused in him a deep resentment over the duty which had sent him south to Lake Expance. He found himself wondering if this MacLauren were a single man—then laughed at a jealousy based on a few hours with a girl whom, in all likelihood, he would never see again.

The pettiboro approached the post, asleep in the soft July sun. For two hundred years this post, had guarded the frontiers of Klondike.

At the big log trade-house Christie and his clerk, MacComb, turned from the slab table where they were bent over a book of accounts, heads together, when Jim entered.

"Good day, Mr. Christie—MacComb!" greeted Jim.

The door face of Andrew Christie framed in an iron-gray beard, turned on the voyager with the ellips of a smile on the stiff lips.

"So you're here—at last? I've been expecting you."

Jim's teeth clamped hard at the coolness of his reception from the inspector of the district.

"I came by canoe—not airplane," he countered.

"Well, Mary's waiting to see you at the house and supper'll soon be ready, so we'll talk business now," answered the older man, turning to his figures.

At the factor's quarters a woman watched Jim's approach. He waved his hat and she lifted a hand in reply. As he reached her the fair skin of the girl's face was touched with color, her blue eyes, beneath the thatch of gold knotted at the back, alight with pleasure.

"Well, Jim, how are you?" said Mary Christie, as he took her hand. "It seems years since you were here in January."

"Seems longer than that to me, Mary," he returned. "How well you're looking this spring!"

As they entered the house the girl threw a sidelong glance at the bold profile of the man beside her. "I'm glad you think so, Jim."

Jim thought of Aureole LeBlond. Sooner or later the news of the girl's mishap and the visit of her father to Sunset House would reach Lake Expance. He would have to report it to Christie. But he would tell Mary now before her father and MacComb appeared.

"Did you know that my rival LeBlond has his daughter with him this summer?" he boldly began.

"The Indians saw them when they passed through. Have you seen her?" demanded the girl with interest.

"Well," said Jim with a smile, "I should say that I have. We found her in a big blow clinging to a canoe drifting in the lake."

Mary Christie leaned toward the speaker, her face eager with curiosity. "You saved her life—pulled her out of the lake? What's she like?"

The feminine curiosity evidenced in the question drew a laugh from the trader. "Well, she had bobbed hair and wore knickers. What do you think of that?"

"I don't think much of it," said Mary, drily, "but you're not telling me what she's like."

"Are you interested to hear the rest of the story?" he demanded.

"What is she like, Jim? What happened? Did you take her to Sunset House?"

"She's dark, of course—like her father. A good looking—attractive, in fact," he stammered on.

"Even with her hair bobbed—and knickers?"

"Yes, even with her short hair and the knickers. In fact the knickers were becoming," he laughed.

Mary's regular features stiffened. "They must have been very—when you pulled her out of the lake?"

"In Jim briefly narrated the events of the evening following the coming of Aureole LeBlond to Sunset House. When he had finished, the girl who had listened while her eyes furiously ranged from crisp brown hair, and her weathered features, to the well-to-do and capable hands, said quietly: "And to think that you'd never see this—what they call 'em, flappers? This flapper again, the daughter of your bitter rival. Poor Jim!"

The sound of voices checked Jim's reply as Christie and MacComb entered the house.

That evening the inspector sat late with Stuart. The spring trade at Sunset House had been little better than that of the year before. It was a great disappointment to Andrew Christie and he made no effort to conceal his chagrin.

"He'll be after me again at Winnipeg when they see you return," he said, squinting at Jim through his steel-rimmed glasses. "It's three years now since we set you up at MacLauren's and you're making little headway against the Frenchman. You've been a great disappointment to me, Stuart. Knowing your father, and your own record at God's lake, I picked you as the man to beat Louis LeBlond at his own game."

Jim's blood heated at the unfairness of the thrust. "You," he said, "and have have you backed me up? You've held me to Lake Expance prices and allowed LeBlond to outbid me for the fur."

"But the Indian's flay goods are better—they're worth more."

"That's true; they are; but LeBlond's got a mysterious hold on all the northern hunters who've kept away from us. Omar and I think we're going to follow it up this summer."

"Well, it's high time the post was getting its share of that trade. It's beyond me why you've not done better. Your father, if alive, would be sore disappointed."

Jim choked down his anger as the old man went on: "Now they'll not be thinking of a change this year, but—"

"But what?" broke in the exasperated factor of Sunset House. "If that's meant to be a threat, Mr. Christie, make it specific. I've worked hard to make a go of it, but you know and I know that we've got the cleverest fur man in the bush as a competitor, and if you and headquarters think some one else would do better, say so now. Send another man and see what he'll show!"

"Tut! tut! Not so fast! I sent you up there and I ain't ordered you out—yet."

The gray eyes of the younger man glittered. "What you mean," he said, staring through half-shut eyes into the impassive face of Andrew Christie colored by his stubby beard, "is that you're giving me one more chance—a year, perhaps?"

"Aye, that would be fair."

Jim smiled sourly. "Knowing the odds against us, you, nevertheless, think we ought to be on our feet by another year?"

Christie nodded.

"Well," said Jim, rising, and expelling a deep breath, "unfair as it is, I'll take you. If I don't double the trade next year I'll quit."

The following morning as he walked on the shore of the lake with Mary Christie he told her of the year of grace given him by her father.

"Oh, Jim," she protested, "he doesn't mean that. They're worrying him at Winnipeg and he's taking it out on everybody. He was the same way with McCoy, from Jackfish, last week."

"Well," Jim turned, to surprise the yelled look in her eyes—a look now close to pain, "it's hard to work three years as we have worked and in the end get kicked for our pains."

"I appreciate what you've done up there, Jim," she gazed at him through eyes unabashed, empty of all subterfuge, as she said slowly: "Doesn't it mean anything to you to know that I believe in you?"

He saw the girl's heart in her steady gaze and a strong impulse to take what she so freely offered swept him, when a flash of dark eyes framed by wind-tossed hair crossed his path. Slowly he nodded. "It does mean a lot to have your confidence—your friend ship, Mary."

With a sigh she turned from him and they continued their walk.

That afternoon as the canoe left the post bound back to Sunset House and Jim waved his hat at the lone figure signaling in the clearing he carried with him the memory of the tense face of Mary Christie. He saw her again, her heart in her eyes, offering her love. Her appeal had been powerful—the frank revelation by this proud girl who had held much of his thoughts until a canoe drifted across wind-harried Mitawangama. But even if the black-haired eyes of Aureole LeBlond had never flashed their challenge, it could not have been otherwise. Andrew Christie had, the night before, cracked the whip of his authority over Jim's head—given him a year of grace. In all honor he could not then have sought sanctuary behind the skirts of his chief's daughter. But the picture of the girl in the distant clearing, signaling Godspeed to the rapidly disappearing canoe, left the bowman sick at heart.

Two days later, with Smoke running the canoe, Jim and Omar were pulling the pettiboro up a wild reach of the swift Woman river. Jim's thoughts alternated between the coming year which would decide his future with the company, and the two women, far apart as the poles in nature and temperament, who had come into his life. As for Aureole LeBlond, she would soon be but a memory. In a month she was going "out"—back to Winnipeg. There was no chance of even seeing her again as he was to start with Omar and Beau at once for the Pipestone country.

The canoe was entering a stretch of "strong water" demanding the utmost efforts of the crew to force her upstream when, suddenly, a rifle exploded in the willows of the near shore and a bullet splintered the spruce pole in Omar's hands. Off balance, the bowman lunged into the river, but twisted as he fell and caught and hung to the gunwale of the boat while Jim threw his weight against the roll of the swinging craft.

"Lie down! Let her drift!" called the half-breed as a rifle again cracked in the willows and a splinter from the gunwale like LeBlond's desperate face was seen.

Flattened out in the canoe, he groped for his gun lying amidships as the drag of the man in the water headed the bow down river. Again a rifle exploded and a bullet passed through the wooden wall of the craft close to Jim's head.

What could it mean? Who would ambush them here on the Woman river?

As the boat drifted out of easy range of the willows, Jim reached and cocked his gun, rose boldly to his knees and rapidly emptied the magazine at the telltale wisps of smoke against the green of the scrub. Then over the bow rose a dripping face warped with rage as the thick arms of Omar lifted his body from the water. With a lunge the half-breed was in the rolling canoe and his rifle firing at the fast receding shore.

Shortly a head marked the willows from the sight of the yanking craft and the men among the canoe in to the beach.

"Well, what's this meant?" demanded Jim.

"Paradees, for sure!" snapped the bowman as they landed. "Come on, we hunt for deer!" And Omar plunged ahead into the bush.

Fascinated by the drama, Jim watched the two across the fire from behind a screen of tobacco smoke. "You look to see de sun rise once more!" The stiff lips of Omar scarcely moved as he repeated the question in English. But the prisoner was silent.

To be continued.



Jim Reached and Cocked His Gun, Rose Boldly to His Knees and Rapidly Emptied the Magazine at the Tell-Tale Wisp of Smoke Against the Green Scrub.

They had traveled less than a hundred yards when, a familiar yelp, from somewhere upstream, sounded above the fret of the river.

"Smoke! He'll find their trail!" muttered Jim. Then fear for the safety of the dog he loved led him to push rapidly on up the river shore while Omar cut back inland behind the scene of the ambush.

Suddenly, deep in the forest a rifle was fired and Jim's heart sank, as he heard the husky's yelp.

"He's shot Smoke!"

Furious with the thought of his gallant dog gasping out his life from a bullet wound, Jim plunged ahead in the direction of the rifle shot. Shortly he saw a dark patch through the spruce and threw his rifle to his shoulder. As he lifted his sights, the dark face of Omar appeared, head tilted as if listening.

Jim reached his friend's side. "Did you fire that shot? Where's Smoke?" he demanded. "I thought he was hurt."

"I shoot at dat feller! Smoke's not hurt now. In dose cedar. It ees o' tick you see nodding."

"You saw him?"

"Ah-hah!"

Separating, the two men started circling the dense cedar growth. Jim had not traveled a hundred yards when he heard Smoke's roar, followed by a shot, then the sounds of a struggle. Plunging through the thick undergrowth, man with anxiety for the safety of his dog, he saw a running figure turn and swing with clubbed rifle at the black-and-white cloak of the pursuing Smoke. With a muffled roar the hurt dog again lunged at the Indian; again the clubbed rifle crashed as the husky leaped. Knocked back to his haunches, with a shake of the head the great dog closed with the Indian, who was desperately trying to load as he ran. The tusks of Smoke snapped as his one hundred and forty pounds bore his quarry to the earth.

Throwing himself on the enraged dog, Jim balked the lunge which would have torn the throat of the helpless man on the ground, then dragged the battle-mad Smoke from his prey.

"Throw that knife away or I'll let him have you!" Jim commanded, holding the straining husky by the collar, rolling away from the snapping fangs, reached for the sheath on his sash. "Now lie where you are! If that shot hit him, I'll put him on you, anyway." But there was no sign of blood on Smoke's trembling body.

Then Omar, drawn by the shot, reached them.

"Ah-hah! So Paradees sen' you? Wal, I think we camp here tonight while you tell wat you know 'bout M'ster Paradees, ah-hah!"

With the Indian walking ahead, prodded by Omar's gun, they returned to the canoe and made camp.

Supper over, Omar began the inquisition of the sullen Ojibwa who had remained dumb to all attempts to make him talk. Lighting his pipe, the half-breed freshened the fire, then angled beside the prisoner, whose feet were pinioned with raw-hide, and said quietly in Ojibwa: "You have woman and children?"

The milk-like eyes of the Indian shot a furtive glance at the lined visage of the man who squinted into the fire. Jim watched with curiosity the drama the wily Omar was staging. Then he murmured a faint, "En-eh-eh yes."

"If you wish to see the Lake of the Sand Beaches again, you speak with a single tongue," went on the inquisitor in Ojibwa, as if talking to himself, his eyes still fixed on the fire. "You lie to me now?" Omar suddenly stormed, turning a face distorted with passion on his man, as his iron fingers gripped the Indian's throat, "and I'll feed your heart to the ravens!"

The cowed prisoner flinched from the steel point of Omar's knife which pricked his chest.

"You speak with a split tongue and the wolves will pick your bones!" Omar's left hand closed on the Indian's throat till the terror-haunted eyes of the gasping man protruded from his gray face. Then the half-breed abruptly released him, replaced his skinning knife in its sheath, and resumed his silent contemplation of the fire.

Fascinated by the drama, Jim watched the two across the fire from behind a screen of tobacco smoke. "You look to see de sun rise once more!" The stiff lips of Omar scarcely moved as he repeated the question in English. But the prisoner was silent.

To be continued.

## Forgotten Heroes

By Elmo Scott Watson

### The Hero of Campbell's Island

NOT all of the heroes of the War of 1812 made their bid for fame on the battlefields of the East or in the naval fighting which forms such a brilliant page in the history of that conflict. Our in what was then "the West" there were heroes, too. One of them was Capt. Stephen Rector.

In 1814 Captains Rector and Riggs with 60 Illinois Rangers were ordered to accompany Lieutenant Campbell with a force of 42 regulars in three keel boats up the Mississippi to reinforce the garrison at Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin. Going through the dangerous rapids near Rock Island, Campbell's barge was driven ashore on the small island which now bears his name. Here he prepared to spend the night but no sooner had he pitched his camp than he was attacked by a war party of Sac Indians.

Rector and Riggs, hearing the firing, tried to return to his aid but in the storm-tossed river Riggs' boat became unmanageable and was stranded in the rapids. Rector managed to bring his boat near enough to Campbell's men, hiding in the trees which fringed the edge of the island, to fire upon the savages at long range. Suddenly Rector was horrified to see Campbell's barge burst into flames. Caught between the blazing boat and Black Hawk's whooping braves, the regulars faced annihilation.

Rector made his decision instantly. Ordering the anchor to be raised and the barge to be lightened by casting overboard nearly all of his provisions, he guided his boat down the raging stream into the teeth of the Indian fire. Forcing it to the windward of the burning boat, his boatmen leaped into the water and held their craft close to Campbell's barge. Indian bullets were crashing into the timbers of both boats but Rector coolly went about the work of directing the rescue of Campbell's men. While some of the Rangers opened fire on the Indians, the others transferred the wounded and dying from the burning barge to their own.

Finally the last wounded man had been transferred. Then Rector cast off and running a gantlet of renewed Indian fire, his boat swept down the river with its precious cargo of wounded men safely out of the range of the enemy guns.

"Money can buy leisure, but making the money destroys desire for the leisure."

If one wants a hobby, being an active and interested father to one's son might do.

Enlistment of all persons to get along with, is the man who knows it all. You employ but one means, dattery.

A great many men may not have initiative enough to make fools of themselves.

Boys with adenoids should be attended to; if they are not, they will grow up to be snoring husbands.

Watch This Space for Dates

Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished by

E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1932

KNOW WHAT YOU BUY



## WHY

## Superstitions Have Such a Strong Hold

"It is the hardest thing in the world," wrote Gilbert White in 1776, "to shake off superstitious prejudices. They grow up with us at a time when they take the fastest hold and make the most lasting impressions; they become so interwoven into our very constitutions that the strongest good sense is required to disengage ourselves from them."

And even with the strongest good sense, there are those among us today who look with dismay upon a mere black cat crossing our path and who wouldn't think of molesting the crickets chirping on the hearth. And think with what solemnity we enter into the ancient custom of wishing on the breast bone of a fowl.

Although the supply seems inexhaustible, there are many superstitions that have been long forgotten. White tells of the shrew-ash that stood in the barnyards of his English forefathers. It was just an ordinary ash whose twigs and branches were endowed with curative powers. It was believed that when a shrew-mouse crept over a horse or cow, the animal was threatened with the loss of the use of its limbs. The beast could be restored to its normal state only by applying the twigs of the shrew-ash to the affected part.

But in order that the shrew-ash possess those curative powers, it had to be prepared in a certain way. Into the trunk of the tree a deep hole was bored with an auger, a shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with certain quaint incantations.—Detroit News.

## Why One Is Cautious to Mind His P's and Q's

My grandmother frequently used the expression "Now, mind your p's and q's" when cautioning her grandchildren about getting into mischief and nearly always when they left the house to go for a visit. I find myself using the expression, but was "stumped" when my daughter asked me what it meant and where it came from. Can you give me some help? asks a reader of the Indianapolis News, and that Journal answers: The expression is commonly used to mean "be careful." According to some authorities, it originated among printers when all type was set by hand. Type bearing the p's and q's was easily confused with the p's and q's, and journeyman printers urged them to be careful about distributing the letters to their proper place in the case. This explanation commands the weight of authority, but there is a contention that the expression came from English alehouses, where accounts were kept on the back of the door under two general headings, pints and quarts. If the customer charged a pint of ale, a chalk mark was made opposite his name and in the pint column. After the customer received his wage, he went to the inn and paid his bill, or, as the old expression had it, minded his bill, or business, hence the expression in the sense of an admonition to strict attention to the business or affairs at hand.

Why Glass Changes Color  
The bureau of standards says that glass frequently changes color on exposure to sunlight and the surface may weather or decompose slightly on exposure to certain types of atmospheric conditions. The color change is generally from the initial color of the glass to a purplish tint. This is thought to be the result of the action of sunlight on the manganese which was used to decolorize the glass. The weathering produces a scum on the surface of the glass and renders it less transparent, but does not in general change its color.

Why Countries Separated  
Norway separated from Sweden in 1905. In June 7 of that year the king of Sweden refused to sign an act establishing separate Norwegian consulates, and the Norwegian ministry resigned. No one would accept office, whereupon the Norwegian storting voted that the union between Norway and Sweden had been dissolved, since the king of Sweden had acknowledged himself unable to form a Norwegian ministry and could not discharge his constitutional functions.

Why Bare of Trees  
The absence of trees in the prairies, steppes and similar grasslands is due principally to natural conditions, such as climate, soil, etc. Practically no forests occur in regions of less than 20 inches of rainfall except coniferous forests in regions of low temperature, where evaporation is slow.

Why Termed "Gridiron"  
The word gridiron is derived from the middle English gridle, and is of uncertain origin, perhaps connected with the old French gridier, meaning to scorch or burn. The word formerly designated an iron grating used for torture by fire.

Why Shell Turns Red  
The change from green to red when the shell turns from green to red when boiled on account of a chemical change in the chitin, or hard substance, in the shell produced by heat. The flesh does not turn color.

Why Iron Is Colder  
Iron feels colder than wood because metals are good conductors of heat, whereas wood is a poor conductor.

## NEWRY CORNER

Miss Gwendolin Godwin who has been visiting friends in N. H., Mass., and N. Y. has returned home.

Mrs. Nellie Cross and daughter Annie were in town Sunday.

Rev. Irons of Upton was in this community making calls recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Richardson and family visited her sister, Mrs. Billings at East Bethel, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Marion Learned is at home for a week's vacation.

Miss Fannie Hastings called on Mrs. Grace Arsenault Sunday.

Miss Emma Richardson visited her grandmother at Hanover several days this week.

Mrs. Snow who has been assisting in the home of Mrs. Carl Godwin has returned to the home of Alfred Hobbs.

Chester Chapman who has been at work for Bartlett Bros. has returned home.

## HANOVER

Mrs. Alice Staples was the guest of Mrs. Walter Rand at Lockes Mills a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Mills and son, Milton, of Norway, were week end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Worcester.

Mrs. Bennett Bartlett was a guest of Mrs. Asa Bartlett in Bethel for a few days last week.

Miss Gene Saunders is spending a part of her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hobbs, Wilton.

Several from this place attended the Sunrise Services at Rumford, Point Sunday morning.

Mrs. Lucy Dyke is at her home for a few days.

Mrs. Emily Dickson was in Lewiston recently.

School closed Friday for the Easter vacation and Miss Whittier has gone to her home in Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Worcester are at camp for a short time.

Mrs. Eva Hayford will assist Mrs. Mary Ladd, Bethel, in entertaining the Past Chief of Mishemokwa Temple, Wednesday, April 6th, at Mrs. Ladd's home.

Mike, the pet dog of Elwood Richardson was run over and killed by an auto last week.

Mrs. Alice Staples spent the week end at Rumford.

## Traylor Finds Too Much Silence Responsible for Business Slump

## Chicago Banker Traces Crash to Failure of Leaders to Give Warnings

## Danger Signals Disregarded

Speaking before the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington, Melvin A. Traylor, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, said in part:

Business management, however, is not alone responsible for the course it has followed. Unfortunately, it has had the cooperation of finance and government and will likewise have to have their cooperation in adjusting its affairs to a saner course. What, in fact, did the leaders of finance do to encourage the expansion which took place in the last decade?

What, if anything, did they do to prevent such expansion with the consequences which they certainly did know or should have known would follow?

I believe their record in that connection is not an enviable one. As early as 1927, it was clearly obvious to anyone having experience with the granting of credit that if the situation was allowed to continue, and if expansion and speculation were carried on unchecked, there could be but one end—disaster. Yet the record of American financial leadership and of responsible government officials was regrettably one of too much silence.

Sounded Few Warnings  
Few warnings were issued, and few attempts were made to attract public attention to the danger that threatened. Credit for the expansion of productive facilities to meet temporary demands was granted to business without adequate consideration of the consequences. Credit without stint was furnished to consumers to buy consumable goods, thereby further increasing debt. No one called a halt.

Every kind and character of combination and consolidation was made, regardless of its economic advisability or the possibility of economies in management or increased profits therefrom.

Little or no consideration was given to the nature of the businesses involved; in one instance, for example, soap and candles were united. Such combinations and mergers were promoted and securities were sold on the theory that temporary earnings derived from a false demand would not only continue, but would forever increase.

Furthermore, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market value within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Must Chart New Course  
Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Further, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market value within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Further, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market value within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Further, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market value within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Further, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

But financial leadership did not stop there. It actively promoted the purchase of equity stocks and split its own unit of stock par in order, as it said, to bring its market value within the reach of the small investor. May I add, parenthetically, that such action would have been unnecessary for their purpose had they waited only a few months.

Financial leaders organized and promoted so-called investment trusts to give the small investor a chance to profit from wise financial leadership, made foreign loans of speculative value, and, altogether, followed the procession obviously intent upon getting theirs while the getting was good.

Are we to have a repetition of this kind of financial leadership? If it be true—as I believe it is—that credit is the life-blood of the nation, and that there can be no economic stability or social progress without a sound financial structure; and if it be true—as I also believe—that no financial system is sounder or more useful than its management, then financial leadership in this country must take stock of itself turn over a new leaf, and chart a new course of conduct for its future guidance.

If it be objected that not all financial leaders are guilty of such misconduct—and certainly there are some who are not—the indictment, nevertheless, stands. As far as the record discloses, not one had the courage to fight in the open against the tendencies he knew were wrong and to demand a right-about-face. Knowledge is one thing, but courage of leadership is another.

Further, these securities were not sold to those in a position to buy, or who could buy for investment purposes, but rather to those less able to buy—to men and women fascinated by the prospect of a big profit.

Was such financial leadership calculated to inspire confidence or make for an economic stability which insures social welfare? I am afraid not.

## Magalloway and Vicinity

AZISCOOS GRANGE No. 402  
The regular session of Aziscoos Grange was held Saturday night, March 26. Officers present, Steward, Ellis Olson, Chaplain, Evelyn Cameron, and Treasurer, There were 21 members present. The third and fourth degrees were conferred on Isabelle Linnell and Winnie Linnell.

Literary Program:  
Recitation, Ernest Bennett  
Song, Bud and Bloom, Grange  
Reading, Beatrice Littlehale  
Recitation, The Town of Don't You Worry, Le Roy Olson  
Monologue, Gee Whiz, Ellis Olson  
Reading, Evelyn Cameron  
Song, Abide with Me, Grange

A supper of clam chowder, cookies, doughnuts, and coffee was served by Ernest Bennett. Grange closed in due form in the fourth degree.

Eunice Linnell and Gertrude Ripley are home from Gould Academy for a week's vacation.

Tola Hart spent the week end at Ernest Bennett's.

Elizabeth Haldane has been visiting at Alice Cameron's a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Olson had a son born on Saturday, March 26, this being their fourteenth child. Mrs. Bertha Storey is taking care of Mrs. Olson and the baby.

Mrs. Lizzie Bennett is in Portland with her daughter, Mrs. Cecil Pullen. School will begin Monday morning at Wilson's Mills after a week recess.

The schools in Magalloway are having their Easter vacation.

Church services were held in the Magalloway Town Hall Sunday, March 27, by Rev. Robert Haldane.

WEST GREENWOOD  
Mrs. W. C. Cross called on her daughter of Lockes Mills one afternoon last week.

Ernest Cole on Howe Hill, is working at Bethel for a while.

John Bennett of Bethel was in Newry recently.

Rodney Cross was home over the week end.

Mrs. Harrington and her son called on her parents recently.

Miss Ruby Bennett spent the week end with her parents.

Mrs. Lillian Lapham and children called on her grandmother recently.

## Joe's Faith

By CORONA REMINGTON

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNSI Service)

SHE was only a little maid in a big hotel and he the chef, but he had generations of chefs behind him and hers was a family of the highest type of maids. One aunt had been in the Delmont family for twenty-five years, and at one time her first cousin had been employed in the White House.

When Joe Porter had first mentioned marriage to Cornelia Allen she had hesitated although she did love him. "Well, I'll never marry anybody else," he vowed. "You're as pretty as a little picture and your folks are all honest and fine people, and I love you and I believe you love me, too. Isn't that reason enough why we should get married?"

Cornelia said nothing for a moment, she merely permitted him to keep his arm around her, which was a sort of consent, he considered, since she never had done this before. She did love him, she knew she did.

"But, Joe, I wanted to go up in my work—get to be ladies' maid to somebody—just a lady," she protested, and her dark eyes so close to his looked troubled, almost tragic.

"That don't matter," he answered. "They'll never love you like I do, honey, so you'd better take me."

It was a wrench to give up her ambition, but at last she consented and once done she gave herself up entirely to her new plans in life, and as the days sped by she grew happier and happier.

She was in the midst of doing her work on the first floor one day when she received a summons to go to the office of Mr. Williams, the manager, at once. Puzzled, she hurried down and found her employer talking to a stranger whom she supposed to be a guest. He seemed disturbed about something, and would scarcely let Mr. Williams speak, but with a gesture of the hand the manager silenced him and addressed the maid himself.

"Cornelia, did you clean up 510 this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, her face suddenly paling. "Why? What's the matter?"

"You know what's the matter," broke in the guest.

"I don't," protested the girl on the verge of tears.

"Did you let anyone else in the room while you were cleaning it? I mean, did any of the other maids come in?" continued the manager.

"No, sir, I was the only one in and I locked the door as soon as I had finished."

"Well, you have my wallet, then, with \$100 in it," broke in the guest angrily. "Because I left it under my pillow and forgot to take it downtown when I left this morning. As soon as I missed it I rushed back to my room and it was gone. You may both come up and look."

Together the three took the elevator to the fifth floor and hurried down the long, red-carpeted corridor to room 510. After a thorough search they were forced to give it up. The wallet was not under the mattress nor in the box beneath the bed. In fact, it was apparently nowhere.

"Go on to the servants' quarters," ordered the manager harshly, and Cornelia fled out of the room. But she did not go to the servants' quarters. Instead she sought out Joe and told him of her undesired disgrace.

"Kid, you never did it," he declared, holding her close. "And I'll break anybody's face who comes here saying you did."

"I'm so glad you still believe in me," Cornelia said, clinging to him. "You're the only one that does. I'd be ashamed to look at anybody around here after it gets out because most of 'em'll think I did steal it—going to be married and everything, they'll think I wanted it to live with. Oh, Joe, I'm so wretched." And again she burst into tears. "You'll be disgraced if you marry me because there's lots of always believe I did it."

"They'll not either. They know you too well."

But Joe was wrong. By noon the news had spread out and at lunch time the hotel was full of the suspicious glances that were shot in her direction and the nervous mumblings that went on among the servants.

The next morning the manager sent for her and she was horrified to see the same guest sitting there at the side of the desk. This time Mr. Williams let the other man do the talking.

"Here's a twenty for you," he said. "I found my wallet. I'd slipped it inside the linen closet when I thought I was just putting it under my pillow. As soon as I lay down last night I felt it under my head. Sorry it happened."

"I don't want your twenty dollars," said Cornelia, with the dignity of a princess. "But I'm glad you found your purse. All I want is that you or Mr. Williams tell the servants at dinner today that I did not take it."

"I'm glad to," said the manager warmly.

Once out of the office, she shed her dignity like a cloak and rushed out to find the chef. After she had told him she gave him a little sudden hug.

"I'll always love you a little more for believing in me so hard," she said.

"Then it was lucky for me it happened," he laughed, and because she was so happy she had a little glad cry on his shoulder.

## DID YOU EVER

mention to your grocer, your butcher or any of the tradesmen who serve you, that you read the Citizen? If they knew their message would reach you through this paper they would gladly advertise their special bargains. That would help you and bring business to them.

It would mean that often instead of sending away for things you would discover these articles to be as cheap right here in Bethel. Think of the time you'd save and—the convenience.

So next time you call on your local tradesman tell him you get the Citizen every week and that it would be a great convenience if you could learn of his bargains while reading at home in your favorite chair rather than "shopping around" in all degrees of weather.

And the Citizen will say "Thank You" with a better and bigger value in news and service. Don't knock—Boost. It pays.



## The Oxford County Citizen

"Home News for the Home Folk"



## Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week. Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

## For Sale

For Sale—New milch cows. Also beans of different kinds, good clear seed to plant. IRVING H. WILSON, Bethel, Me. 52

ACCREDITED R. I. RED CHICKS \$15.00 per hundred. Write for prices on larger orders. Eggs selected for size and disinfected before being placed in incubator. Pedigreed cockerels used in matings. G. K. HASTINGS & SONS, Bethel. 491f

FOR SALE—Fitted Hard Wood, 410 cord, Sibs and edgloss, \$5.00. Few good trades in second hand cars. YEAN BROS., Bethel. 291f

## Wanted

DEPENDABLE MAN between thirty and sixty to handle GUARANTEED line of BIRCH'S BEST TREES and other nursery stock grown by New England's largest. No experience necessary. Liberal commission. References. Drawer B, Manchester, Conn. 61

## Miscellaneous

FOR RENT One of the best apartments in the town of Bethel, for rent cheap at the First National Store. Inquire of Mr. Norman Hall. 61f

Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Traps—Supplies, bought, sold and exchanged. H. I. DEAN, Fur Buyer and Lumber Dealer, Bethel, Maine. 231f

## Buy Your Printing Now and Save Time

"To prevent another war it is not enough to engage in unobtainable platitudes."—Sir Herbert Samuel.

"We must be careful not to confuse the absence of elaborate formalities with bad manners."—William Lyon Phelps.

"Why does his magnificent applied science which saves work and makes life easier bring us so little happiness?"—Albert Einstein.

"A honeymoon is really a purgatory in which virtues and vices are tested and the future destiny of the couple decided."—Robert Hughes.

"I am firmly opposed to the government entering into any business the major purpose of which is to employ the nation's labor."—Herbert Hoover.

"It is not true, as some material men pretend, that computers in the chief fact of the history and life of nations or of nations men."—Isidore Macdonald.

## SAYS THE OWL

"To change in nature, one must first change in mind."

"Open up but a great deal; come close to me."

"One doesn't carry a victory over temptation until it is over."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

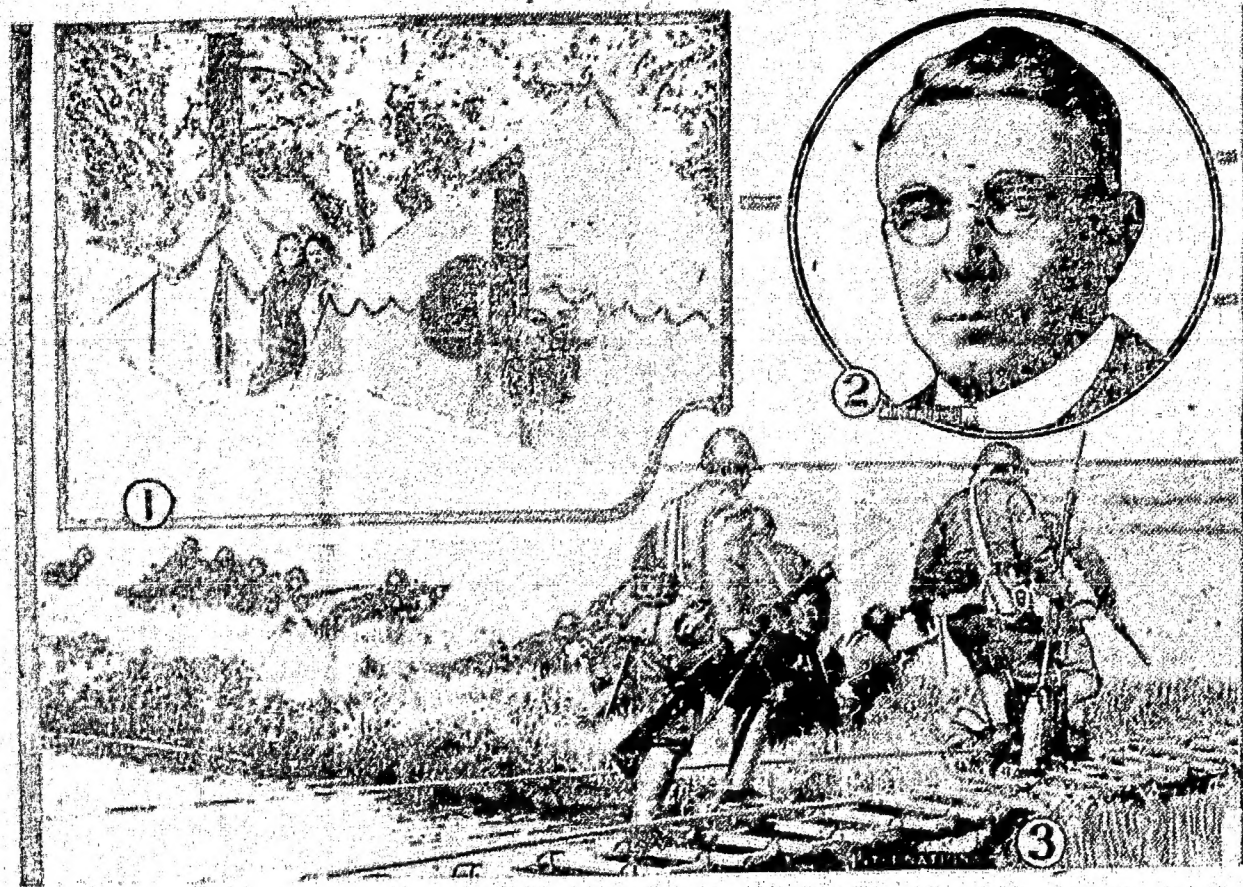
"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

"The most beautiful thing in the world is not the sun, but the smile of a child."

## Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Women carpers in Yosemite National park snowbound by the heaviest snowfall ever recorded in that region. 2—William A. Irvin, who has been made president of the United States Steel corporation to succeed James A. Farrell. 3—A remarkable action photograph of Japanese soldiers pursuing Chinese near the Kiangwan racetrack outside of Shanghai.

## WEST PARIS

The only case of scarlet fever reported is that of Miss Zilpha Barrows, and no spread of the disease is expected.

The Easter concert scheduled for Sunday at the United Parish was postponed. At the Universalist church Sunday morning the pastor, Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, gave an address.

There was a duet by Maynard and Reynold Chase, and the chorus choir sang. There were no Sunday School, Junior or Senior Young People's meetings held at the church.

The scholars returned to the public schools Monday morning.

Mrs. E. R. Berry accompanied by Mrs. Abner H. Mann, went to Auburn Tuesday morning to attend a Rehearsal meeting.

The "Happy Thought Group" will meet Thursday afternoon, March 31, with Mrs. Raymond Haines.

The Ladies Literary Club met with Mrs. H. L. Patch Friday afternoon. The author considered was Ellen Glasgow. Book reports were given: "Barren Ground," Mrs. Frank P. Knight, Jr.; "The Builders," Mrs. Dana A. Grover; "The Voice of the People," Mrs. Stanley I. Perham. Mrs. F. R. Peasley will be hostess at the next meeting.

A fire whistle Thursday morning caused the usual alarm. Fortunately, it proved to be in the sawdust at Penley Iron's mill. No damage was done.

Mrs. Phillip Mayberry of Poland Spring has been the guest of Mrs. Harold Bonney and Mrs. Leon Proctor.

Mrs. Martha Kendall has returned from Lewiston.

## HIGH STREET, WEST PARIS

Mrs. Howard McCallister has been substituting at the Porter rural school the latter part of this week owing to the fact that the teacher, Miss Hollis, has been under quarantine for a few days.

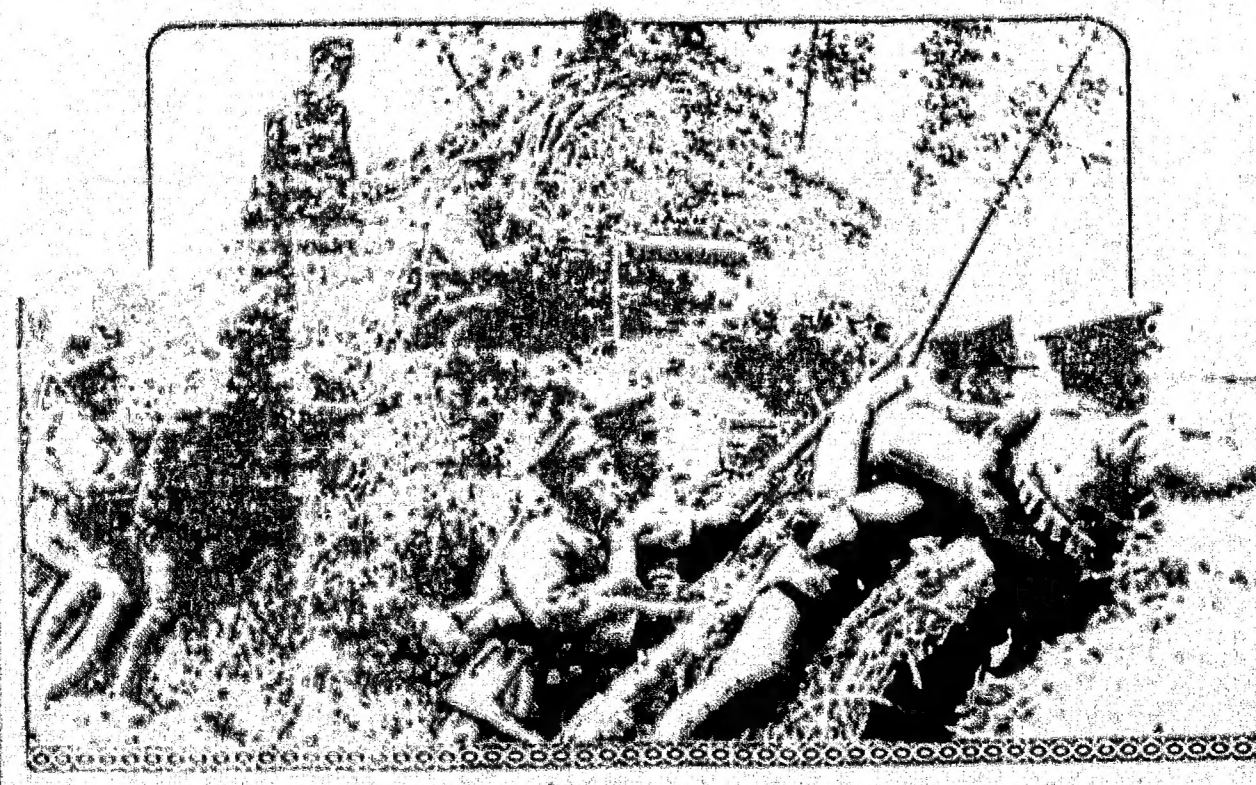
Mrs. W. H. Whitman spent the day with Mrs. Lilla Marshall recently.

The Watkins man was over this street last week.

Ralph Whitman has finished work at Billings Hill and is at home.

There was quite a chimney fire at Peter Kipela's Sunday night, but fortunately it was put out before it did any damage.

## One of China's Heroic Suicide Squads in Action



A group of the last famous "Suicide Squads" using once sacred grave mounds as part of their trench system to cover the retreating forces of the Japanese near Woonung.

## SOUTH ALBANY

Miss Edith Hobson was a guest of her friend Miss Betty Hill on Saturday.

Isaac Wardwell spent the day Friday with James Kimball and family. Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Shedd are both better having been used up with colds.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown were in Norway on business last Friday.

Leo Stearns was a guest of his friend Ivan Kimball one evening last week to play cards.

C. M. Fullerton spent the week end at his home in this place.

W. E. Canwell was in Norway recently after a load of grain.

Hazel Allen has been spending a few days in Norway, the guest of relatives.

L. J. Andrews and Roy G. Wardwell were business visitors in Norway Saturday.

R. E. Hill has finished cutting logs for Walter Cullinan.

Sunday was surely a beautiful day for Easter Sunday.

Arthur Wardwell has tapped his sap trees and boiled Saturday for the first time.

Fred McAllister spent the week end with his sister Mrs. Elmer Dingley at Harrison.

Frederick Scribner and Winda Kimball returned to Norway High School Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cobb were Sunday evening callers of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell.

## Albany—Waterford

Relatives and friends of Mrs. Erwin Cummings of Frostproof, Fla., were saddened Tuesday morning when word was received that she had entered a hospital in Baltimore, Md., for the removal of an eye. The accident occurred the first of February, when Mr. and Mrs. Cummings were with a fishing party off the coast of Florida.

Mrs. Cummings spent several weeks the past summer with relatives in this place and at South Paris, returning to Florida in September, after a few weeks spent in New York State, where Mr. Cummings was inspecting celery.

Several from this way are sending cream to the Hiram Creamery at Hiram.

Chester Rowe hauled sawdust Wednesday for Fred McAllister.

David A. McAllister has torn down his house which he built near Ingalls McAllister's place and hauled it to Harrison where he will rebuild, across the road from his sister's place.

Ernest Wentworth and son George were at Ernest Brown's Sunday.

Ralph Perkins visited his home here several days the past week.

Mabel Sloan and children of Norway visited her husband, Winfield Sloan, who is spending the winter at his farm in Albany.

Perley Grover bought a cow of Clarence McAllister Wednesday.

Howard Gayton and Walter Lord have bought a place of land at the Five Kezars of W. A. Hersey and will build a camp there soon.

There wasn't any delivery of mail Monday and Tuesday from the North Waterford route over the hills owing to drifted roads.

## Howe Hill—Greenwood

The Sunday School had an Easter program at the school house Sunday morning in place of the usual services. The program consisted of readings, pantomimes, special music, and a short play by the members.

Ray K. Hanscom of North Newry was a week end guest at Newton Bryant's.

Margaret Bryant spent the day Friday with Mrs. Mabel Dunham.

Vera Dunham is visiting her brothers and sisters at Locke Mills and Howe Hill this week.

Our mail carrier broke his snow boat last Thursday and Orlan York has been carrying him through Greenwood Center and back to Colby Ring's with his horse.

Another robin snow, only a little over a foot this time on the level, with the usual wind blow and drifts. This may equal the Spring of 1896 when the snow crow was on duty nearly every day the first two weeks of April.

A diary kept in our family at that time shows that Newton Bryant and Daniel Bryant went over the roads with two yoke of oxen six different days in two weeks.

Mrs. Newton Bryant was given a birthday surprise party by her daughter Winifred March 25. There were 20 neighbors and friends present. Refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake, ice cream, punch and coffee, were served. Mrs. Bryant received several useful presents.

R. Clyde Dunham and family of Howe Hill were at the home of his parents, Elton Dunham, Sunday.

## WEST BETHEL

Fred Lovejoy is recovering from recent illness.

Mrs. Maude O'Reilly was in Bethel one day last week.

The children of Will Young entertained their friends, Buddie, Mary and Ida Clough, of Bethel one day last week.

R. A. Gilbert has finished work for Leslie Davis where he has been working for a few weeks.

C. M. Bennett and Herman Bennett were in Groveton, N. H., Monday on a business trip.

Loton Hutchinson is enjoying a short vacation at his home, from his work at Biddeford.

Mrs. Fred Lovejoy is working at Tebbets' mill at Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Babb and Mrs. Cristie Stiles of South Paris were Sunday callers in town.

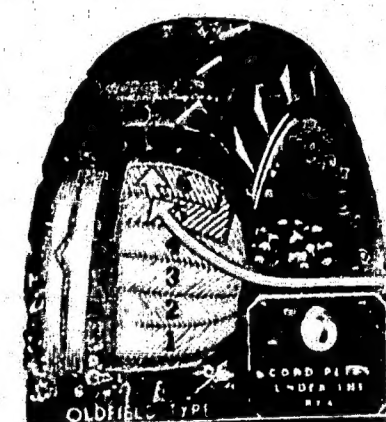
T. D. Westleigh and family have moved back to their home from Andover where they have been for the winter.

Elmo Saunders is in Albany this week.

George Auger of Richmond, Que., spent a few days last week with his family here.

## Friendly Tips For Depositors

The quicker you deposit checks payable to you, the safer it will be for you.

BETHEL NATIONAL BANK  
Bethel, MaineExtra Values  
Beyond Anything Ever Known  
In the History of Tire Building

GUM-DIPPED Cord Construction, Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread, and Safe, Quiet, Long-Wearing, Non-Skid Tread—these are the extra values you get in Firestone Tires because Firestone save millions annually in buying, manufacturing and distributing.

Each line of Firestone Tires is designated by tread design and name. The quality and construction of each line excel that of special brand mail order tires sold at the same prices. Come in and examine cross sections and see the Extra Values in Firestone Tires giving Extra Safety, Extra Strength and Extra Service.

Firestone  
OLDFIELD TYPE

Tire Size	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	Tire Size	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21.....	\$4.79	\$ 9.30	6.00-20H.D.	\$10.95	\$21.24
4.50-20.....	5.35	10.38	6.00-22H.D.	11.60	22.50
4.50-21.....	5.43	10.54	7.00-20H.D.	14.65	28.42
4.75-19.....	6.33	12.32	TRUCK AND BUS TIRES		
5.00-19.....	6.65	12.90	30x5 H.D.	\$15.45	\$29.90
5.00-20.....	6.75	13.10	32x6 H.D.	20.50	39.50
5.25-18.....	7.53	14.60	31x7 H.D.	20.40	39.30
5.25-21.....	8.15	15.82	6.00-20H.D.	14.50	28.34
5.50-18.....	8.35	16.20	6.50-20H.D.	16.30	32.60
5.50-19.....	8.45	16.45	7.50-20H.D.	23.45	45.60
6.00-18H.D.	10.65	20.50	9.00-20H.D.	40.50	79.00
6.00-19H.D.	10.85	21.04	9.75-20H.D.	61.65	120.00

See Also at Properly Selected Low Prices

Listen to the "VOICE OF FIRESTONE" Every Monday night over N. B. C. Nationwide Network

ROBERTSON  
SERVICE STATION  
BETHEL, MAINE

## BETHEL A

Dorothy Parson Monday.

Mrs. F. L. Edw. this week.

Mrs. Ula Parson at Bethel Inn.

Miss Eugenia week in Orono.

E. C. Park was mess last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. turned home from Portland a few days.

Edward P. Lyon, Jr. were in Lewiston.

Mrs. Lennie H. and Mrs. Frost.

Mr. and Mrs. L. have been to Lewiston.

The grade school morning after a day.

Theodore Howe dover were week.

ey Flint's.

Miss Kathryn L. el spent the week.

for Miller.

Dr. and Mrs. G. and Milan Chapin, in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. equal guests of the family at West P.

Abner Kimball brook motored to visit with relatives.

Nicholas Matheson ed on F. H. Gunt day afternoon in C. E. Merrill a week end with his rill, and family.

Perley Andrews modelling the T. moved into the de.

The Woman's Society held their evening with Mrs.

The American L. hold its regular at the home of Mrs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. been spending some turned to their home.

Mich., Friday.

Mrs. Jack Mc from Northwest B. been caring for M. and infant son.

Mrs. Frances W. Lowe of Randolph of their nephew, family last Thurs.

Miss Martha H. Gray's Business C. spending the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. from Andover have Hutchinson's house recently vacated his family.

H. H. Brown he brooder house receive 1600 R. L. Georgetown, Mass., Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. H. ton, Mass., and M. Abbott of Mechanic funeral of Mrs. E. day of last week.

Mrs. W. H. Sears of Arlington, Mass. Monday afternoon mer home ready later in the month.

Wedding invitations from William ly of Bethel, to his Mazie Jane Paddy, ing, April 17, at L.

Mrs. Gilbert B. at the Rumford C. for several weeks, and returned to the rents. Mr. and Mr. Tuesday.

Dr. W. B. Twadd en up and bruised left the road and Herman Mason's t. was proceeding to Sunday morning.

wrecked but the minor injuries.

Mrs. Clarence K. a birthday party at Chester C. Kimball The affair, which Mrs. Scott Robert's.

to Mrs. Fox, T. passed socially and was enjoyed. The was presented with by Mrs. Robertson flowers by Mrs. L.